THE ORPHAN OF CHINA.

A TRAGEDY.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

CROW-STREET.

By ARTHUR MURPHY.

Nuncia fama ruit, matrisque allabitur aures;
Evolat infelix et fœmineo ululatu
Scissa comam, muros amens atque agmina cursu
Prima petit: non illa virum, non illa pericli
Telorumque memor; cœlum dehinc questibus implet.

VIRG.

DUBLIN:

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M,DCC,LXXXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

John, Earl of Bute,

GROOM of the STOLE

TO HIS

Royal Highneſs the Prince of WALES.

MY LORD,

THE generous concern you were pleaſed to expreſs for the anxieties of a young author, then wholly unknown to your Lordſhip, and trembling for his firſt attempt towards "the graveſt, moraleſt, "and moſt profitable of all poems," as Milton calls a Tragedy, was the diſtinguiſhing mark of a mind truly great, and endued with thoſe fine feelings which are the ornaments of even greatneſs itſelf. To this your innate partiality for every endeavour in the polite arts I muſt aſcribe it, that the following ſcenes met with an early approbation from your Lordſhip; an approbation that was at once the author's pride, and his ſtrongeſt aſſurance of ſucceſs.

The public have indeed very far outgone my moſt ſanguine hopes in their reception of this piece, but, now my Lord, THE ORPHAN has another ſevere trial to go through; he muſt adventure into the world, unaſſiſt-

ed by the advantages of repreſentation: he muſt enter your Lordſhip's cloſet, and there ſtand the examination of the accurate criticiſm. In Meti deſcendat judicis aures. This cannot but be an alarming circumſtance to a writer fully conſcious of his own inability; who has not been able entirely to pleaſe even his own taſte; who deſpairs of ſatisfying others of a more exalted reliſh in the arts, and therefore craves at your Lordſhip's hands that protection to his induſtry, which he is aware cannot be granted to his merit.

I have the honour to remain, with the trueſt reſpect, and moſt grateful acknowledgment,

My Lord,
Your Lordſhip's
Moſt obliged,
and moſt devoted
humble ſervant,

Lincoln's Inn,
April 30, 1759.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

BRITISH MUSEUM 8 MR 1921

PROLOGUE.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq;

POET LAUREAT.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

ENOUGH of Greece and Rome. Th' exhausted store
Of either nation now can charm no more:
Ev'n adventitious helps in vain we try,
Our triumphs languish in the publick eye:
And grave processions, musically slow,
Here pass unheeded,—as a Lord Mayor's show.
On eagle wings the poet of to-night
Soars for fresh virtues to the source of light;
To China's eastern realms: and boldly bears
Confucius' morals to Britannia's ears.
Accept th' imported boon; as echoing Greece
Receiv'd from wand'ring chiefs her golden fleece;
Nor only richer by the spoils become,
But praise th' advent'rous youth, who brings them home.
One dubious character, we own he draws,
A patriot zealous in a monarch's cause!
Nice is the task the varying hand to guide,
And teach the blending colours to divide;
Where, rainbow-like, th' encroaching tints invade
Each other's bounds, and mingle light with shade.
If then, assiduous to obtain his end,
You find too far the subject's zeal extend;
If undistinguish'd loyalty prevails
Where nature shrinks, and strong affection fails;
On China's tenets charge the fond mistake,
And spare his error for his Virtue's sake.
From nobler motives our allegiance springs,
For Britain knows no right Divine in Kings;
From freedom's choice that boasted right arose,
And thro' each line from freedom's choice it flows.
Justice, with Mercy join'd the throne maintains;
And in his People's HEARTS OUR MONARCH *reigns.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

THRO' five long acts I have wore my ſighing face,
Confin'd by critic laws to time and place;
Yet that once done, I ramble as I pleaſe;
Cry London hoy! *and whiſk o'er land and ſea—*
—Ladies, excuſe my Dreſs——'tis true Chineſe.
Thus quit of huſband, death, and tragic ſtrain,
Let us enjoy our dear ſmall talk again.
How could this hard ſucceſsful hope to prove?
So many heroes,——and not one in love!
No ſuiter here to talk of flames that thrill;
To ſay the civil thing——"Your eyes ſo kill!"—
No raviſher, to force us——to our will!
You've ſeen their eaſtern virtues, patriot paſſions,
And now for ſomething of their taſte and faſhions.
O Lord! that's charming——cries my Lady Fidget,
I long to know it——Do the creatures viſit?
Dear Mrs. Yates, do, tell us—Well, how is it?
Firſt, as to beauty——Set your hearts at reſt—
They're all broad foreheads, and pigs eyes at beſt.
And then they lead ſuch ſtrange, ſuch formal lives!—
—A little more at home than Engliſh wives;
Leſt the poor things ſhou'd roam, and prove untrue,
They all are crippled in the tiney ſhoe,
A hopeful ſcheme to keep a wife from madding!
—We pinch our Feet, and yet are ever gadding.
Then they've no cards, no routs, ne'er take their fling,
And pin money is an unheard of thing!
Then how d'ye think they write?—You'll ne'er divine—
From top to bottom down in one ſtrait line. [Mimicks.
We ladies, when our flames we cannot ſmother.
Write letters—from one corner to another. [Mimicks.
One mode there is in which both climes agree;
I ſcarce can tell—'Mongſt friends then let it be—
—The creatures love to cheat as well as we.

But

EPILOGUE.

But, bleſs my wits! I've quite forgot the bard—
A civil ſoul!——By me he ſends this card——
"Preſents reſpects to ev'ry lady here——
"Hopes for the honour———of a ſingle tear."
The criticks then will threw their dirt in vain,
One drop from you will waſh out ev'ry ſtain.
Acquaints you——*(now the man is paſt his fright)*
He holds his rout,—and here he keeps his night.
Aſſures you all a welcome kind and hearty, (party.
The ladies ſhall play crowns——and there's the ſhilling
[Points to the upper gallery.

Dri-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

	Smock-Alley.	Crow-Street.
Zamti, a Mandarine,	Mr. *Moſſop*,	Mr. *Barry*.
Etan, educated as his Son,	Mr. *Digges*,	Mr. *Fleetwood*.
Timurkan, Emperor of the Tartars,	Mr. *Sowden*,	Mr. *Walker*.
Hamet, a youthful Captive,	Mr. *Shaw*,	Mr. *Jefferſon*.
Octar, a Tartar General,	Mr. *Uſher*,	Mr. *Knipe*.
Morat, a faithful friend of Zamti,	Mr. *Heaton*,	Mr. *Morris*.
Mirvan, a Chineſe in the Tartar's ſervice, ſecretly a friend of Zamti,	Mr. *Kinverton*,	Mr. *Reid*.
Oraſming,	Mr. *Ellard*,	Mr. *Mahon*.
Meſſenger,	Mr. *Vernal*,	———
Zimventi,	Mr. *Dawſon*,	Mr. *Adcock*.
Arſace,	Miſs *Heaton*,	———
Mandane, Zamti's Wife,	Mrs. *Bellamy*,	Mrs. *Fitzhenry*.

SCENE, PEKIN, Capital of CHINA.

BRITISH MUSEUM 8 MR 1921

THE ORPHAN OF CHINA.

ACT I.

Enter MANDANE, and MIRVAN.

MANDANE.

NO, never, Mirvan, never—ſtill this heart
Muſt throb with ceaſeleſs woe———All-gracious heav'n!
Will not this palace drench'd in gore; the crown
Of China's king fix'd on the Tartar's brow;
Will not a tract of twenty years in bondage!
Ah! will not theſe ſuffice, without freſh cauſe
Of bitter anguiſh in Mandane's breaſt?—

Mir. Better ſuppreſs theſe unavailing tears,
This fruitleſs flood of grief—

Man.

Man. It will not be——
Ev'n mid'ſt the horrors of this diſmal hour,
When fate has all transferr'd from loſt Cathai
To vile barbarian hands;—in ſuch an hour
This heart, revolting from the publick cauſe,
Bleeds from a private ſource; bleeds for the woes
That hang o'er Zamti's houſe—
Mir. Alas! Mandane,
Amidſt the gen'ral wreck, who does not feel
The keen domeſtic pang?
Man. Yes, all.—We all
Muſt feel kindred touch;——daily the cries
Of widows, orphans, father, ſon and brother
In vain are ſent to heav'n;—the waſteful rage
Of theſe barbarians,—theſe accurs'd invaders,—
Burns with increaſing fire;——the thunder ſtill
Rolls o'er our heads, threatning with hideous craſh
To fall at once and bury us in ruin.
Mir. And quickly fall it muſt!—The hand of heav'n
Weighs this great empire down.———
Man. Nay tax not heav'n!
Almighty juſtice never bears its arm
'Gainſt innocence and truth.——'Tis Timurkan,
That fell barbarian—that inſatiate waſter—
May curſes blaſt the Tartar!—he, 'tis he
Has bore down all and ſtill his ſlaught'ring ſword
In yonder field of death where Corea's troops
Made their laſt ſtand for liberty and China,
Crimſons the land with blood.—This battle loſt,
Oh! then farewell to all—But, Mirvan, ſay,
How came the tidings?——
Mir. From yon lofty tow'r,
As my eyes, ſtraining towr'd the diſtant plain,
Sent forth an anxious look, thro' clouds of duſt
The ſavage bands appear'd; the weſtern ſun
Gleam'd on their burniſh'd helms;——and ſoon a ſhout
From the glad multitude proclaim'd th' approach
Of Timurkan; elated with new conqueſt,

The

The tyrant comes, and where his wrath will ſtop
Heav'n only knows,——
Man. Oh! there—there lies the thought
At which imagination ſtarts appall'd
With horror, at the ſcene her buſy workings
Have colour'd to my ſight—there lies the thought
That wakens all a mother's fears—alas!
I tremble for my ſon——
Mir. Your ſon!——kind heav'n!
Have you not check'd his ardour?—with your tears,
Your ſoft authority, reſtrain'd the hero
From the alarms of war?——
Man. Alas, good Mirvan,
Thou little know'ſt his danger—but that truth
Muſt never paſs theſe lips.——
Mir. I hope Mandane
Doubts not my honeſt zeal!—full well you know
I bear this tyrant deep and mortal hate;
That under him I lift, and wear this garb
In hopes that ſome occaſion may arrive,
When I may ſtrike an unexpected blow,
And do my country right.
Man. Thy loyalty,
Thy truth, and honour have been ever ſpotleſs.
Beſides thy wrongs, thy countleſs wrongs, the wounds
He gave your injur'd family and name.——
Mir. Alas! thoſe wounds muſt ſtill lie bleeding here,
Untainted by the hand of time—Not all
His lenient arts, his favours heap'd upon me,
Shall cool the burning anguiſh of my ſoul.
What he, that ſlew my father! dragg'd my ſiſter,
Blooming in years to his deteſted bed!
Yes, tyrant, yes;——thy unextinguiſh'd foe
Dwells in this boſom.—Surely then to me
Mandane may reveal her griefs—her wrongs
Will add new fuel to my hidden fires,
And make them burn more fiercely—
Man. Urge no more——
My woes muſt reſt conceal'd—yet ſhould the tyrant
Learn from the captives of yon vanquiſh'd hoſt,

That

That China's Orphan breathes the vital air,
And to himself unknown within his breaſt
Unconſcious bears the gen'rous glowing flame
Of all the virtues of his royal line,
Oh! ſhould they know that the dear youth ſurvives,
That for his righteous cauſe this war began,
Their fury then would kindle to a blaze,
Might wrap the world in flames, and in the ruin
My blameleſs ſon might periſh.

Mir. Seek not thus
To multiply the ills that hover round you;
Nor from the ſtores of buſy fancy add
New ſhafts to fortune's quiver——Zamti's care
Hath ſtill deceiv'd ſuſpicion's wakeful eye;
And o'er the mandarine his manners pure,
And ſacred function have diffus'd an air
Of venerable awe, which e'en can teach
Theſe northern foes to ſoften into men.

Man. Yes, Mirvan, yet—Religion wears a mein
In Zamti's perſon ſo ſeverely mild,
That the fierce Scythian reſts upon his ſpear,
And wonders what he feels—Such is the charm
Of heart-felt virtue; ſuch is nature's force
That ſpeaks abroad, and in rude northern hearts
Can ſtamp the image of an awful God.
From that ſource ſprings ſome hope;——Wretch that I am
Hope idly flutters on my tongue,
While melancholy brooding o'er her wrongs,
Lays waſte the mind with horror and deſpair.
—What noiſe is that?

Mir. Compoſe this ſtorm of grief;
In ev'ry ſound your fancy hears the Tartar—
Your huſband this way bends—

Man. Celeſtial pow'rs!
What ſab'ring ſighs heave in his breaſt?——what terror
Rolls in the patriot's eye—haſte, Mirvan, hence;
Again look out; gather the flying news,
And let me know each circumſtance of ruin.

(*Exit* Mirvan.

Enter

Enter Zamti.

Man. Zamti!
Zam. Mandane!——
Man. Ah; what haſt thou ſeen?
What haſt thou heard?—tell me,—has fate decreed
The doom of China!
Zam. China is no more;——
The eaſtern world is loſt—this mighty empire
Falls with the univerſe beneath the ſtroke
Of ſavage force—falls from its tow'ring hopes;
For ever, ever fall'n!
Man. Yet why, ye pow'rs!
Why ſhould a tyrant, train'd to luſt and murder,
A lawleſs ravager from ſavage wilds,
Where chearful day ne'er dawns, but low'ring heav'n
For ever rolls a turbulence of clouds;
Why ſhould a monſter thus uſurp the world,
And trample fair ſimplicity from ill
Beneath his ruffian feet?—
Zam. Far hence, Mandane,
Thoſe happy days, alas! are fled, when peace
Here nurs'd her Blooming olives, and ſhed round
Her ſoft'ring influence.—In vain the plan
Of ſacred laws, by hoary elders taught;
Laws founded on the baſe of public weal,
Gave leſſons to the world.——In vain Confucius
Unlock'd his radiant ſtores of moral truth;
In vain bright ſcience, and each tender muſe,
Beam'd ev'ry elegance on poliſh'd life——
Barbarian pow'r prevails.——Whate'er our ſages taught,
Or genius could inſpire, muſt fade away,
And each fair virtue wither at the blaſt
Of northern domination.
Man. Fatal day!
More fatal e'en than that, which firſt beheld
This race accurs'd within theſe palace walls,
Since hope, that balm of wretched minds, is now
Irrevocably loſt.——

Zam. Name not the day
Which ſaw this city ſack'd—freſh ſtream my eyes,
Freſh bleeds my heart, whene'er the ſad idea
Comes o'er my tortur'd mind.—Why, cruel pow'rs!
Why in that moment could not *Zamti* fall?

Man. Thy ſanctity, the ſymbol of thy God,
Made ev'n the conqueror ſuſpend his blow,
And murmur ſoft humanity.—— High heav'n
Protected thee for its own great deſigns;
To ſave the royal child, the new-born babe,
From the dire ſlaughter of his ancient line.

Zam. Yes, my *Mandane*, in that our carnage,
For purpoſes, yet in the womb of time,
I was reſerv'd.——I was ordain'd to ſave
The infant boy; the dear, the precious charge,
The laſt of all my kings;—full twenty years
I've hid him from the world and from himſelf;
And now I ſwear——Kneel we together here,
While in this dreadful pauſe our ſouls renew
Their ſolemn purpoſe.—— *(Both kneel*

Thou all gracious being,
Whoſe tutulary care hath watch'd the fate
Of China's Orphan, who has taught his ſteps
The paths of ſafety, ſtill envelop him
In ſeven-fold night, till your own hour is come;
Till your ſlow juſtice ſee the dread occaſion
To rouſe his ſoul, and bid him walk abroad
Vicegerent of your pow'r;—and if thy ſervant,
Or this his ſoft aſſociate, e'er deſeat
By any word or deed the great deſign,
Then ſtrait may all your horrible diſpleaſure
Be launch'd upon us from your red right arm,
And in one ruin daſh us both together,
The blaſted monuments of wrath.

Man. That here
Mandane vows ne'er to betray his cauſe,
Be it enroll'd in the records of heav'n! *(Both riſe.*

Zam. And now my heart more lightly beats; me-
thinks
With ſtrength redoubled I can meet the ſhock

Of

Of adverſe fate.

Man. And lo! the tryal comes—
For ſee where *Etan* mourns—See where the youth,
Unknowing of the ſtorm that gathers o'er him,
Brings ſome new tale of woe.—

Enter Etan.

Et. My honour'd father,
And you, my helpleſs mother—ah! where now,
Illuſtrious wretched pair, where will ye fly?
Where will your miſeries now find a ſhelter?

Zam. In virtue—I and this dear faithful woman,
We aſk no more—

Man. Ah! quickly, *Etan*, ſay
What means that pallid look?—what new event
Brings on the work of fate?

Zam. Say, does the tyrant
Return unglutted yet with blood?

Et. He does;
Ev'n now his triumph moves within the gates
In dread barbaric pomp:——the iron ſwarms
Of Hyperborean troops along the ſtreets,
Reeking from ſlaughter; while, from gazing crowds
Of their dire countrymen, an uproar wild
Of joy ferocious thro' th' aſtoniſh'd air
Howls like a northern tempeſt: O'er the reſt,
Proud in ſuperior eminence of guilt,
The tyrant rides ſublime.—Behind his car
The refuſe of the ſword, a captive train
Diſplay their honeſt ſcars; and gnaſh their teeth
With rage and deſperation—

Man. Cruel fate!

Et. With theſe a youth, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt
Proceeds in ſullen march.—Heroic fire
Glows in his cheek, and from his flaſhing eye
Beams amiable horror——

Man. What of this youth?

Zam. Be not alarm'd, *Mandane*.—What of him?

Et. On him all eyes were fix'd with eager gaze,

As if their ſpirits, ſtruggling to come forth,
Would ſtrain each viſual nerve,——while thro' the crowd
A buſy murmur ran—"If fame ſay right,
"Beneath that habit lurks a prince; the laſt
"Of *China*'s race."—The rumour ſpreads abroad
From man to man; and all with loud acclaim
Denounce their vengeance on him.——

Man. Ha! what ſay'ſt thou, *Etan?*
Heav'ns how each black'ning hour in deeper horror
Comes charg'd with woe!

Zam. It cannot be.—Ye vain,
Ye groundleſs terrors hence.—— *(Aſide.*

Man. My honour'd lord,
Thoſe eyes up turn'd to heav'n alas! in vain,
Declare your inward conflict.——

Zam. Lov'd *Mandane*,
I prithee leave me—but a moment leave me.——
Heed not the working of a ſickly fancy,
Wrought on by ev'ry popular report.
Thou know'ſt with *Morat* I convey'd the infant
Far as the eaſtern point of *Corea*'s realm;
There where no human trace is ſeen, no ſound
Aſſails the ear, ſave when the foaming ſurge
Breaks on the ſhelving beach, that there the youth
Might mock their buſy ſearch,——Then check thy feats——
Retire, my love, awhile; I'll come anon,——
And fortify thy ſoul with firm reſolve,
Becoming *Zamti*'s wife————

Man. Yes *Zamti*'s wife—
Shall never act unworthy of her lord,
Then hence I'll go, and ſatisfy each doubt
This youthful captive raiſes in my heart,
Quick panting with its fears.—And O ye pow'rs!
Protect my ſon, my huſband, and my king!

(Exit Mandane.)

Zamti.

Zamti *and* Etan.

Zam. Come hither, Etan—thou perceiv'ſt the toils
That now encircle me ——
Et. Alas! too well
I ſee th' impending ſtorm—But ſurely, ſir,
Should this young captive prove the royal orphan,
You'll never own th' important truth.——
Zam. Dream not, young man,
To ſtand ſecure, yet blooming into life,
While vengeance hovers o'er your father's head,
The ſtock once fall'n, each ſcyon muſt decay.
Et. Then let me periſh;—witneſs for me, heav'n,
Could *Etan*'s fall appeaſe the tyrant's wrath,
A willing victim he would yield his life,
And aſk no greater boon of heav'n.
Zam. This zeal
So fervid in a ſtranger's cauſe——
Et. A ſtranger! he!
My king a ſtranger!—Sir you never meant it—
Perhaps you would explore the fiery ſeeds
Of *Etan*'s temper, ever prompt to blaze
At honour's ſacred name.—Periſh the man,
Who, when his country calls him to defend
The rights of human kind, or bravely die,
Who then to glory dead can ſhrink aghaſt,
And hold a council with his abject fears.
Zam. Theſe tow'rings of the ſoul alas! are vain,
I know the Tartar well—ſhould I attempt
By any virtuous fraud to veil the truth,
His lion-rage again ſhall ſtalk abroad,
Again ſhall quaff the blood of innocence;
And for *Zaphimri*, all the poor remains
Of *China*'s Matrons and her hoary ſires,
Her blooming virgins, and her liſping babes,
Shall yield their throats to the fell murd'rer's knife,
And all be loſt for ever.——
Et. Then at once
Proclaim him to the world; each honeſt hand
Will graſp a ſword, and, 'midſt the circling guards,

Reach the uſurper's heart—or ſhould they fail,
Should overwhelming bands obſtruct the deed,
They'll greatly dare to die!—better to die
With falling liberty, than baſely lead
An ignominious life—Zaphimri loſt;
Ne'er ſhall fair order dawn, but thro' the lands
Slavery ſhall clank her chains, and violation,
Rapine, and murder, riot at the will
Of luſt and lawleſs pow'r.

Zam. Thou brave young man,
Indulge my fond embrace—thy lovely ardor
It glads me thus to ſee.—To eaſe at once
Thy gen'rous fears,—the prince Zaphimri's ſafe;
Safe in my guardian care——

Et. This priſ'ner, ſir,
He does not then alarm you?——

Zam. No! from thence
I've nought to fear.——

Et. Oh! ſir, inform your ſon
Where is the royal youth?

Zam. Seek not too ſoon
To know that truth—Now I'll diſcloſe the work,
The work of vengeance, which my lab'ring ſoul
Has long been faſhioning.—Ev'n at this hour
Stupendous ruin hovers o'er the heads
Of this accurſed race——

Et. Ruin!

Zam. I'll tell thee——
When Timurkan led forth his ſavage bands,
Unpeopling this great city, I then ſeiz'd
The hour to tamper with a choſen few,
Who have reſolved, when the barbarians lie
Buried in ſleep and wine, and hotly dream
Their havock o'er again,—then, then, my ſon,
In one collected blow to burſt upon 'em;
Like their own northern clouds, whoſe midnight horror
Impending o'er the world, at length breaks forth
In the vault lightning's blaze, in ſtorms and thunder

Thro'

Thro' all the red'ning air, till frighted nature
Starts from her couch, and wakens to a ſcene
Of uproar and deſtruction,———
Et. Oh! my father,
The glorious enterprize!
Zam. Mark me young man.———
Seek thou my friends, Oraſming and Zimven ſi.
In the dim holy cloiſters of yon temple
Thou'lt find them muſing—near Ohningti's tomb
I charge they all convene; and there do thou
Await my coming.—Bid them ne'er remit
Their high heroick ardor;—let them know,
Whate'er ſhall fall on this old mouldring clay,
The tyrant never ſhall ſubdue my mind.

ACT II.

Enter ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

DREAM on, deluded tyrant; yes, dream on
In blind ſecurity; whene'er high heav'n
Means to deſtroy it curſes with illuſion,
With error of the mind.—Yes, wreak thy fury
Upon this captive youth; whoe'er he is,
If from his death this groaning empire riſe,
Once more itſelf, reſplendent, rich in arts
That humaniz'd the world,—he pays a debt
Due to his king, his country and his God.
His father,—whereſoe'er he dwell,—in tears
Shall tell the glory on his boy deriv'd;
And even his mother, 'midſt her matron ſhrieks,
Shall bleſs the child-bed pang that brought him forth
To this great lot, by fate to few allow'd.———
What would'ſt thou, Mirvan?

Enter

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. Eagerly without,
A rev'rend ſtranger craves acceſs to Zamti——
His head hoary with age, with galling tears
His eyes ſuffus'd; his ev'ry look impatience——
Zam. Give him admittance—— [*Exit* Mirvan.
——How my ſpirits ruſh
Tumultuous to my heart—what may this mean?
Lo! where he comes!——

Enter Morat.

Mor. Zamti!——
Zam. Ha!—thro' the veil
Of age,—that face—that mein—Morat!
Mor. Oh! Zamti,
Let me once more embrace thee——
Zam. Good old man! [*They embrace.*
But wherefore art thou here?—what of my boy?
Mor. Ah! what indeed—Even from the ocean's margin,
Parch'd with the ſun, or chill'd with midnight damps,
O'er hills, and rocks, and dreary continents,
In vain I've follow'd——
Zam. Why didſt let him forth?
Mor. Think not thy Morat urg'd him to the deed,
His valour was the cauſe and ſoon as fame
Proclaim'd the prince alive, the mighty din
Of preparation through all Corea's realm
Alarm'd his breaſt—indignant of controul
He burſt his covert, and now, hapleſs youth—
Zam. Ah!—dead?—in battle fall'n!——
Mor. Alas! ev'n now
He drags the conqu'ror's chain.——
Zam. Mandane then
May ſtill embrace her ſon——my boy may live,
To know the ſweets of freedom, ere he die.

Mor.

Mor. Alas! the measure of your woes is full.
Unconscious of our frauds, the tyrant thinks
The prince his pris'ner in your son.——
Zam. Ah!——Morat!
Mor. Wild thro' the streets the foe calls out on Zamti,
Thee they pronounce the author of this fraud;
And on your Hamet threaten instant vengeance.
Zam. There was but this——But this, ye cruel pow'rs,
And this you've heap'd upon me.—Was it not
Enough to tear him from his mother's arms,
Doom'd for his prince to wander o'er the world?
—Alas! what needed more?—Fond foolish eyes,
Stop your unbidden gush—tear, tear me piecemail.—
—No I will not complain—but whence on him,
Could that suspicion glance?——
Mor. This very morn,
Ere yet the battle join'd, a faithful messenger,
Who through the friendly gloom of night had held
His darkling way, and pass'd the Tartar's camp,
Brought me advices from the Corean chief,—
That soon as Hamet join'd the warlike train,
His story he related.——Strait the gallant leader
With open arms receiv'd him—knew him for thy son,
In secret knew him, nor reveal'd he ought
That touch'd his birth—But still the busy voice
Of fame, encreasing as she goes, through all the ranks
Babbled abroad each circumstance.—By thee
How he was privately convey'd—Sent forth
A tender infant to be rear'd in solitude
A stranger to himself! The warriors saw
With what a graceful port he mov'd in arms,
An early hero!—deem'd him far above
The common lot of life—deem'd him Zaphimri,
And all with reverential awe beheld him.
This, this, my Zamti, reach'd the tyrant's ear
And rises into horrid proof.——
Zam. If so,
Oh! what a sacrifice must now be made! [*Aside.*

Mor.

Mor. But when the ſecret ſhall be known——
Zam. O! Morat!
Does thy poor bleeding country ſtill remain
Dear to thy heart!—Say, doſt thou ſtill revere
That holy pow'r above, Supreme of Beings,
Miſtaken by the Bonzee, whom our fathers
Worſhipp'd in happier days!——
Mor. He,—only he
For twenty years hath given me ſtrength in exile.
Zam. Then bending here before his awful throne,
In ſacred ſilence wrapp'd——
Mor. I ſwear!——
Zam. Now mark me——
Morat—my ſon—*(turning aſide.)* Oh! cruel, cruel taſk,
To conquer nature while the heart ſtrings break.——
Mor. Why heave thoſe ſighs?—and why that burſt of grief?
Zam. My ſon—his guiltleſs blood—I cannot ſpeak—
Burſts into tears.
Mor. Ha!—Wilt thou ſhed his blood?——
Zam. Thou wretched father!—— [*Half aſide.*
Mor. Oh! had you known the virtues of the youth,
His truth, his courage, his enlighten'd mind—
Zam. I prithee urge no more—here nature's voice
Speaks in ſuch pleadings.—Such reproaches, Morat,
—Here in my very heart—give woundings here,
Thou can'ſt not know—and only parents feel—
Mor. And wilt, thou cruel in thy tears—
Zam. Nay ceaſe,
In pity to a father ceaſe—Think, Morat,
Think of Zaphimri.——
Mor. Ah! how fares the prince?
Zam. He fares my Morat, like a god on earth,
Unknowing his celeſtial origin:
Yet quick, intenſe, and burſting into action;
His great heart lab'ring with he knows not what
Prodigious deeds!——Deeds, which ere long ſhall rouze,

Aſtoniſh,

Aſtoniſh, and alarm the world.——
Mor. What mean
Thoſe myſtic ſounds?
Zam. Revenge, conqueſt, and freedom!—
Mor. Conqueſt and freedom!
Zam. Ay!—conqueſt and freedom!
The midnight hour ſhall call a choſen band
Of hidden patriots forth; who when the foe
Sinks down in drunken revelry, ſhall pour
The gather'd rage of twenty years upon him,
And vindicate the eaſtern world——
Mor. Oh! Zamti,
The news revives my ſoul———
Zam. And can'ſt thou think
To ſave one vulgar life, that Zamti now
Will mar the vaſt deſign?—No;—let him bleed;
Let my boy bleed:—In ſuch a cauſe as this
I can reſign my ſon—with tears of joy
Reſign him,—and one complicated pang
Shall wrench him from my heart.———
The conqueror comes! [*Warlike muſic within.*
This is no hour for parlying———Morat, hence,
And leave me to my fix'd reſolve.——
Mor. Yet think,
Think of ſome means to ſave Hamet.———
Zam. Oh!
It cannot be———the ſoul of Timurkan
Is bold and ſtirring—when occaſion calls,
He ſprings aloft, like an expanding fire,
And marks his way with ruin——Now he knows
Zaphimri lives, his fear will make him daring
Beyond his former crimes———for joy and riot
Which this day's triumph brings, remorſeleſs rage
And maſſacre ſucceed——and all our hopes
Are blaſted, for an unimportant boy.
[*A ſecond flouriſh.*
Mor. That nearer ſound proclaims his dread approach——
Yet once more, Zamti, think———
Zam. No more—I'll ſend

Thoſe

Thoſe ſhall conduct thee where Oraſming lives—
There dwell, unſeen of all.—But, Morat, firſt
Seek my Mancane—Heav'ns!—how ſhall I bear
Her ſtrong impetuoſity of grief,
When ſhe ſhall know my fatal purpoſe?—Thou
Prepare her tender ſpirit, ſooth her mind,
And ſave, oh! ſave me from the dreadful conflict.
[*Exeunt.*

Two large Folding-gates in the Back-ſcene are burſt open by the Tartars, *and then enter* TIMURKAN *with his Train.*

Tim. Hail to this regal dome, this glitt'ring palace
Where this inventive race have laviſh'd all
Their elegance;—ye gay apartments, hail!
Beneath your ſtoried roof, where mimic life
Glows in the eye, and at the painter's touch
A new creation lives along the walls;
Once more receive a conqueror, arriv'd
From rougher ſcenes, where ſtern rebellion dar'd
Draw forth his phalanx; till this warlike arm
Hurl'd deſolation on his falling ranks,
And now the monſter, in yon field of death
Lies overwhelm'd in ruin—
Oſt. There he fell,
No more to ſtalk thy realm; the eaſtern world
From this auſpicious day, beneath your feet
Lies bound in adamantine chains.——
Tim. Thus, Oſtar,
Shall Timurkan diſplay his conquering banners,
From high Samarcand's walls, to where the Tanais
Devolves his icy tribute to the ſea.—
Oſt. But firſt this captive prince.—
Tim. Yes, Oſtar, firſt
Zaphimri glute my rage—bring him before us—firſt
We'll cruſh the ſeeds of dark conſpiracy——
For Zamti—he, that falſe inſidious ſlave,
Shall dearly pay his treaſons.—
Oſt. Zamti's crimes

'Twere

'Twere beſt to leave unpuniſh'd:—vers'd in wiles
Of ſly hypocriſy, he wins the love
Of the deluded multitude.—'Twould ſeem,
Should we inflict that death his frauds deſerve,
As if we meant deſtruction to their faith:
When a whole people's minds are once inflam'd
For their religious rights, their fury burns
With rage more dreadful, as the ſource is holy.

Tim. Octar, thou reaſon'ſt right:—henceforth my art
To make this ſtubborn race receive my yoke,
Shall be by yielding to their ſofter manners,
Their veſture, laws, and cuſtoms: Thus to blend
And make the whole one undiſtinguiſh'd people.
The boy comes forth in ſullen mood—what paſſions
Swell in his breaſt in vain!——

Enter Hamet *in chains.*

Tim. Thou art the youth,
Who mow'd our battle down, and fleſh'd your ſword
In many a ſlaughter'd Tartar.——

Ham. True;—I am——

Tim. Too well I mark'd thy rage, and ſaw thee hew,
A waſteful paſſage thro' th' embattled plain.

Ham. Then be thou witneſs for me, in that hour
I never ſhunn'd your thickeſt war;—and if
In yonder field, where my poor countrymen
In mangled heaps lie many a rood extended,
Kind fate had doom'd me to a noble fall,
With this right arm I earn'd it.——

Tim. Say, what motive
Unſheath'd thy rebel blade, and bade thee ſeek
Theſe wars?——

Ham. The love of honourable deeds;
The groans of bleeding China, and the hate
Of tyrants.

Tim. Ha!—take heed, raſh youth—I ſee
This leſſon has been taught thee.—Octar haſte,
Seek me the mandarine—let him forthwith
Attend me here. (*Exit* Octar.)—Now tremble at my words!
Thy motive to theſe wars known—thou art
Zaphimri,——

Ham. I Zaphimri!

Tim. False one, yes;
Thou art Zaphimri—thou!—whom treach'rous guile
Stole from my rage, and sent to distant wilds
Till years and horrid counsel should mature thee
For war and wild commotion——

Ham. I the prince!
The last of China's race! nay mock not majesty,
Nor with the borrow'd robes of sacred kings
Dress up a wretch like me—were I Zaphimri,
Think'st thou thy trembling eye should bear the shock
Of a much injur'd king?——could'st thou sustain it?
Say, could'st thou bear to view a royal orphan,
Whose father, mother, brothers, sisters, all,
Thy murd'rous arm hath long since laid in dust?
Whose native crown on thy ignoble brow
Thou dar'st dishonour?—whose wide wasted country
Thy arms have made a wilderness?

Tim. I see
Thou hast been tutor'd in thy lone retreat
By some sententious pedant——Soon these vain,
These turgid maxims shall be all subdued
By thy approaching death.——

Ham. Let death come on;
Guilt, guilt alone, shrinks back apall'd—the brave
And honest still defy his dart; the wise
Calmly can eye his frown;——and misery
Invokes his friendly aid to end her woes.——

Tim. Thy woes presumptuous youth, with all my fears,
Shall soon lie buried.——

Enter Zamti.

Tim. Now, pious false one, say, who is that youth?

Zam. His air, his features and his honest mien
Proclaim all fair within.—But, mighty sir,
I know him not.——

Tim. Take heed, old man, nor dare,
As thou do'st dread my pow'r, to practice guile
Beneath a mask, of sacerdotal perfidy:
Priestcraft I think, calls it a pious fraud;

Zam.

Zam. Prieſtcraft and ſarcerdotal perfidy
To me are yet unknown.——Religion's garb
Here never ſerves to conſecrate a crime:
We have not yet, thank heaven, ſo far imbib'd
The vices of the north.——
Tim. Thou vile impoſtor:
Avow Zaphimri, whom thy threach'rous arts
Conceal'd from juſtice; or elſe deſolation
Again ſhall ravage this devoted land.
Zam. Alas! full well thou know'ſt, that arm already
Hath ſhed all royal blood.——
Tim. Traitor 'tis falſe;——
By thee, vile ſlave, I have been wrought to think
The hated race deſtroy'd—thy artful tale
Abus'd my cred'lous ear.——But know, at length
Some captive ſlaves, by my command impal'd,
Have own'd the horrid truth;——have own'd they fought
To ſeat Zaphimri on the throne of China.
Hear me thou froward boy;—dar'ſt thou be honeſt
And anſwer who thou art?
Ham. Dare I be honeſt?——
I dare:—a mind grown up in native honour
Dares not be otherwiſe—then if thy troops
Aſk from the lightning of whoſe blade they fled,
Tell 'em 'twas Hamet's.
Zam. 'Tis—— it is my ſon——
My boy,—— my Hamet— [*Aſide.*
Tim. Where was your abode?
Ham. Far hence remote, in Corea's happy realm—
Where the firſt beams of day with orient bluſhes
Tinge the ſalt wave—there on the ſea bet ſhore
A cavern'd rock yielded a lone retreat
To virtuous Morat——
Zam. Oh! ill fated youth! [*Aſide.*
Ham. The pious hermit in that moſs-grown dwelling
Found an aſylum from heart-piercing woes,
From ſlavery and that reſtleſs din of arms
With which thy fell ambition ſhook the world.
There too the ſage nurtur'd my greener years;
With him and contemplation have I walk'd

The paths of wiſdom; what the great Confucius
Of moral beauty taught,—whate'er the wiſe,
Still wooing knowledge in her ſacred haunts,
Diſclos'd of nature to the ſons of men,
My wond'ring mind has heard—but above all
The hermit taught me the moſt uſeful ſcience,
That noble ſcience, to be brave and good.—
Zam. Oh! lovely youth—at every word he utters,
A ſoft effuſion mix'd of grief and joy
Flows o'er my heart. [*Aſide.*
Tim. Who, ſaid he, was your father?
Ham. My birth, the pious ſage,—I know not why—
Still wrapp'd in ſilence; and when urg'd to tell,
He only anſwer'd that a time might come,
I ſhould not bluſh to know my father——
Tim. Now,
With truth declare, haſt thou ne'er heard of Zamti?
Ham. Of Zamti?—oft enraptur'd with his name
My heart has glow'd within me, as I heard
The praiſes of the godlike man.——
Tim. Thou ſlave, [*To* Zamti.
Each circumſtance arraigns thy guilt——
Ham. Oh! heavens!
Can that be Zamti?
Tim. Yes, that is the traitor——
Ham. Let me adore his venerable form,
Thus on my knees adore——
Zam. I cannot look upon him,
Leſt tenderneſs diſſolve my feeble pow'rs,
And wreſt my purpoſe from me—— [*Aſide.*
Tim. Hence, vain boy!
Thou ſpecious traitor, thou falſe hoary moraliſt!
[*To* Zamti.
Confuſion has o'er-ta'en thy ſubtle frauds
To make my crown's aſſurance firm, that none
Hereafter ſhall aſpire to wrench it from me,
Now own your fancied king, or by yon heav'n,
To make our vengance ſure, thro' all the eaſt
Each youth ſhall die, and carnage thin mankind,
Till in the gen'ral wreck your boaſted Orphan
Shall undiſtinguiſh'd fall.—Thou know'ſt my word

Is fate—Octar, draw near—when treason lurks
Each moment's big with danger—thou observe
These my commands— [*Talks apart to* Octar.
Zam. Now virtuous cruelty repress my tears.
—Cease your soft conflict, nature———Hear me,
Tartra———
That youth—his air—his ev'ry look, unmans me quite——
Tim. Wilt thou begin, dissembler?
Zam Down, down, down——
It must be so, or all is lost——that youth,——
I've dealt by him——as ev'ry king could wish
In a like cause his faithful subjects would.
Tim. Ha!——dost thou own it?——Triumph, Timurkan.
And in Zaphimri's grave lie hush'd my fears.
Brave Octar, let the victim strait be led
To yonder sacred fane; there in the view
Of my rejoicing Tartars, the declining sun
Shall see him offer'd to our living Lama,
For this day's conquest:——thence a golden train
Of radiant years, shall mark my future sway. [*Exit.*
Zam. Flow, flow my tears, and ease this aching breast.
Ham. Nay, do not weep for me, thou good old man.
If it will close the wounds of bleeding China,
That a poor wretch like me must yield his life,
I give it freely——If I am a king,
Tho' sure it cannot be, what greater lessing
Can a young prince enjoy, than to diffuse,
By one great act, that happiness on millions,
For which his life should be a round of care?
Come lead me to my fate——— [*Exit with* Octar &c.
Zam. Hold, hold my heart!
—My gallant, gen'rous youth——Mandane's air,
His mother's dear resemblance rives my soul.
Man. [within.] Oh! let me fly, and find the barb'rous man——
Where——where is Zamti?
Zam. Ha! 'tis Mandane——
Wild as the winds, the mother all alive

In ev'ry heart-ſtring, the forlorn one comes
To claim her boy——

Enter Mandane.

Man. And can it then be true?
Is human nature exil'd from thy breaſt?
Art thou, indeed ſo barb'rous?——
Zam. Lov'd Mandane,
Fix not your ſcorpions here—a bearded ſhaft
Already drinks my ſpirits up.—
Man. I've ſeen
The truſty Morat—Oh! I've heard it all——
He would have ſhunn'd my ſteps; but what can 'ſcape
The eye of tenderneſs like mine?——
Zam. By heav'n
I cannot ſpeak to thee.——
Man. Think'ſt thou thoſe tears,
Thoſe falſe, thoſe cruel tears, will choak the voice
Of a fond mother's love now ſtung to madneſs?
Oh! I will rend the air with lamentations,
Root up this hair, and beat this throbbing breaſt,
Turn all connubial joys to bitterneſs,
To fell deſpair, to anguiſh and remorſe,
Unleſs my ſon——
Zam. Thou ever faithful woman,
Oh! leave me to my woes.
Man. Give me my child,
Thou worſe than Tartar, give me back my ſon:
Oh! give him to a mother's eager arms,
And let me ſtrain him to my heart——
Zam. Heav'n knows
How dear my boy is here—But our firſt duty
Now claims attention——to our country's love,
All other tender fondneſſes muſt yield;
—I was a ſubject ere I was a father.
Man. You were a ſavage bred in Scythian wilds,
And humanizing pity never reach'd
Your heart.——Was it for this——oh! thou unkind one,
Was it for this——oh! thou inhuman father;

You

You woo'd me to your nuptial bed?——So long
Have I then claſp'd thee in theſe circling arms,
And made this breaſt your pillow?—Cruel ſay,
Are theſe your vows?—are theſe your fond endearments?
Nay, look upon me—if this waſted form,
Theſe faded eyes have turn'd your heart againſt me,
With grief for you I wither'd in my bloom.
Zam. Why wilt thou pierce my heart?
Man. Alas! my ſon,
Have I then bore thee in theſe matron arms,
To ſee thee bleed?——Thus do'ſt thou then return?
This could your mother hope, when firſt ſhe ſent
Her infant exile to a diſtant clime?
Ah! could I think thy early love of fame,
Would urge thee to this peril?——thus to fall,
By a ſtern father's will——by thee to die!
From thee, inhuman, to receive his doom!
—Murder'd by thee!——yet hear me, Zamti, hear me,——
Thus on my knees—I threaten now no more——
'Tis nature's voice that pleads; nature alarm'd,
Quick, trembling, wild, touch'd to her inmoſt feeling,
When force would tear her tender young ones from her.
Zam. Nay, ſeek not with enfeebling fond ideas
To ſwell the flood of grief——it is in vain——
He muſt ſubmit to fate——
Man. Barbarian! no—— *(She riſes haſtily.*
He ſhall not die—rather—I prithee *Zamti*.
Urge not a grief-diſtracted woman:——Tremble
At the wild fury of a mother's love.
Zam. I tremble rather at a breach of oaths.
But thou break thine——Bathe your perfidious hands,
In this life blood.—Betray the righteous cauſe
Of all our ſacred kings.
Man. Our kings!—our kings!
What are the ſcepter'd rulers of the world?——
Form'd of one common clay, are they not all
Doom'd with each ſubject, with the meaneſt ſlave,
To drink the cup of human woe?—alike
All levell'd by affliction?—Sacred kings!

'Tis

'Tis human policy ſets up their claim.—
Mine is a mother's cauſe—mine is the cauſe
Of huſband, wife, and child; thoſe tendereſt ties!
Superior to your right divine of kings!

Zam. Then go, *Mandane*—thou once faithful woman,
Dear to this heart in vain;—go, and forget
'Thoſe virtuous leſſons, which I oft have taught thee,
In fond credulity, while on each word
You hung enamour'd—Go, to *Timurkan*,
Reveal the awful truth—Be thou ſpectatreſs
Of murder'd majeſty.—Embrace your ſon,
And let him lead in ſhame and ſervitude
A life ignobly bought—Then let thoſe eyes,
Thoſe faded eyes, which grief for me hath dimm'd
With guilty joy reanimate their luſtre
To brighten ſlavery, and beam their fires
On the fell Scythian murderer.

Man. And is it thus,
Thus is *Mandane* known?——My ſoul diſdains
The vile imputed guilt.—No---never---never—
Still am I true to fame. Come lead me hence,
Where I may lay down life to ſave *Zaphimri*.
—But ſave my *Hamet* too—Then, you'll find
A heart beats here as warm and great as thine.

Zam. Then make with me one ſtrong, one glorious effort;
And rank with thoſe, who, from the firſt of time,
In fame's eternal archives ſtand rever'd,
For conquering all the deareſt ties of nature,
To ſerve the general weal---

Man. That ſavage virtue
Loſes with me its horrid charms---I've ſworn
To ſave my king---But ſhould a mother turn
A dire aſſaſſin---oh! I cannot bear
The piercing thought.---Diſtraction, quick diſtraction
Will ſeize my brain.---See there——My child, my child——
By guards ſurrounded a devoted victim——
Barbarian, hold---Ah! ſee, he dies! he dies!---

[*She faints into Zamti's arms.*

Zam.

Zam. Where is *Arſace?*—Fond maternal love
Shakes her weak frame—*(Enter Arſace.)* Quickly, *Arſace*, help
This ever tender creature.——Wand'ring life
Rekindles in her cheek.—Soft, lead her off
To where the fanning breeze in yonder bow'r,
May woo her ſpirits back.—Propitious heav'n!
Pity my ſtrugglings with this beſt of women;
Support our virtue:—kindle in our ſouls
A ray of your divine enthuſiaſm;
Such as inflames the patriot's breaſt, and lifts
Th' impaſſion'd mind to that ſublime of virtue,
That even on the rack it feels the good,
Which in a ſingle hour it works for millions,
And leaves the legacy to after times.

[*Exit, leading off Mandane.*

ACT III.

SCENE A Temple. Several tombs up and down the ſtage.

Enter MORAT.

THIS is the place——theſe the long winding iſles,
The ſolemn arches, whoſe religious awe
Attunes the mind to melancholy muſing,
Such as befits free men reduc'd to ſlaves.——
Here *Zamti* meets his friends—amid theſe tombs,
Where lie the ſacred manes of our kings,
They pour their oriſons—hold converſe here
With the illuſtrious ſhades of murder'd heroes,
And meditate a great revenge——*(a groan is heard)* a groan!
The burſt of anguiſh from ſome care-worn wretch
That ſorrows o'er his country—ha! 'tis *Zamti!*

Zamti *comes out of a tomb.*

Zam. Who's he, that ſeeks theſe manſions of the dead?

Mo.

Mo. The friend of *Zamti* and of *China*.———

Zam. Morat!

Come to my arms, thou good, thou beſt of men—
I have been weeping o'er the ſacred reliques
Of a dear murder'd king———where are our friends?
Haſt ſeen *Oraſming?*

Mo. Thro' theſe vaults of death
Lonely he wanders,——plung'd in deep deſpair—

Zam. Haſt thou not told him?—haſt thou nought reveal'd
Touching *Zaphimri?*

Mo. There I wait thy will—

Zam. Oh! thou art ever faithful—on thy lips
Sits penſive ſilence, with her hollow'd finger
Guarding the pure receſſes of thy mind.——
But lo! they come.———

Enter Oraſming, Zimventi, *and others.*

Zam. Droop ye, my gallant friends?

Oraſ. Oh! *Zamti*, all is loſt———Our dreams of liberty
Are vaniſh'd into air.——Nought now availS
Integrity of life—Ev'n heav'n, combin'd
With lawleſs might, abandons us and virtue——

Zam. Can your great ſouls thus ſhrink within ye? thus
From heroes will ye dwindle into ſlaves?

Oraſm. Oh! could you give us back *Zaphimri!*—then
Danger would ſmile, and loſe its face of horror.

Zam. What,—would his preſence fire ye?

Oraſ. 'Twould by heav'n!

Zam. This night ſhould free us from the Tartar's yoke.

Zam. Then mark the care of the all gracious Gods!
This youthful captive, whom in chains they hold,
Is not Zaphimri.———

Oraſ. Zim. Not Zaphimri?

Zam. No!
Unconſcious of himſelf, and to the world unknown
He walks at large among us—

Oraſ.

Oraſ. Heav'nly pow'rs!
Zam. This night, my friends, this very night to riſe
Refulgent from a blow that frees us all,——
From the uſurper's fate!——the firſt of men,
Deliv'rer of his country!
Oraſ. Mighty gods!
Can this be poſſible?——
Zam. It is moſt true—
I'll bring him to ye ſtrait——*(calling to* Etan *within the tomb)* what ho!——come forth—
You ſeem tranſix'd with wonder——oh! my friends,
Watch all the motions of your riſing ſpirit,
Direct your ardor, when anon ye hear,
What fate, long pregnant with the vaſt event,
I lab'ring into birth.—

ETAN *comes out of the tomb.*

Etan. Each ſtep I move
A deeper horror ſits on all the tombs;
Each ſhrine,—each altar ſeems to ſhake; as if
Conſcious of ſome important criſis.—
Zam. Yes;
A criſis great indeed, is now at hand!——
Heav'n holds its golden balance forth, and weighs
Zaphimri's and the Tartar's deſtiny,
While hov'ring angels tremble round the beam.
Haſt thou beheld that picture?
Etan. Fix'd attention
Hath paus'd on ev'ry part; yet ſtill to me
It ſhadows forth the forms of things unknown:——
All imag'nary, obſcure, and wrapp'd in darkneſs.
Zam. That darkneſs, my informing breath ſhall clear,
As morn diſpels the night. Lo! here diſplay'd
This mighty kingdom's fall.——
Etan. Alas! my father,
At ſight of theſe ſad colourings of woe,
Our tears will mix with honeſt indignation.
Zam. Nay, but ſurvey it cloſer—ſee that child,
That royal infant, the laſt ſacred relique
Of *China*'s ancient line— ſee where a mandarine

Conveys

Conveys the babe to his wife's foſt'ring breaſt,
There to be nouriſh'd in an humble ſtate:
While their own ſon is ſent to climes remote?
That ſhould the dire uſurper e'er ſuſpect
The prince alive, he in his ſtead might bleed,
And mock the murd'rer's rage.———
Etan. Amazement thrills
Thro' all my frame, and my mind, big with wonder,
Feels ev'ry pow'r ſuſpended.——
Zam. Rather ſay
That ſtrong imagination burns within thee.—
Do'ſt thou not feel a more than common ardor?——
Etan. By heav'n my ſoul dilates with ſome new impulſe;
Some ſtrange inſpir'd emotion———would the hour
Of fate were come—this night my dagger's hilt
I'll bury in the tyrant's heart.———
Zam. Wilt thou?
Etan. By all the mighty dead that round us lie,
By all who this day groan in chains, I will.
Zam. And when thou do'ſt—then tell him 'tis the prince
That ſtrikes—
Etan. The prince's wrongs ſhall nerve my arm
With ten fold rage.
Zam. Nay but the prince himſelf!
Etan. What ſays my father?——
Zam. Thou art *China*'s Orphan:
The laſt of all our kings——no longer *Etan.*
But now *Zaphimri!*
Zap. Ha!
Oraſ. O wond'rous hand
Of heav'n!
Zap. A croud of circumſtances riſe———
Thy frequent hints obſcure———thy pious care
To train my youth to greatneſs.———Lend your aid
To my aſtoniſh'd pow'rs, that feebly bear
This unexpected ſhock of royalty,
Zam. Thou noble youth, now put forth all your ſtrength,
And let heav'n's vengeance brace each ſinew.—

Zap.

Zap. Vengeance!
That word has ſhot its light'ning thro' my ſoul.—
But tell me, *Zamti*—ſtill 'tis wonder all—
Am I indeed the royal Orphan?
Zam. Thou;——
Thou art the king, whom as my humble ſon,
I've nurtur'd in humanity and virtue.
Thy foes could never think to find thee here,
Ev'n in the lion's den; and therefore here,
I've fix'd thy ſafe aſylum, while my ſon
Hath dragg'd his life in exile—Oh! my friends;
Morat will tell ye all,—each circumſtance—
Mean time—there is your king!

[*All kneel to him.*

Oraſming, Zimventi.

Long live the father of the eaſtern world!
Zam. Sole governor of earth!——
Zap. All ruling pow'rs!—
Is then a great revenge for all the wrongs
Of bleeding *China*; are the ſame and fate
Of all poſterity included here
Within my boſom? [*They all riſe.*
Zam. Yes they are; the ſhades
Of your great anceſtors now riſe before thee,
Heroes and demi-gods! Aloud they call
For the fell *Tartar*'s blood—
Zap. Oh! *Zamti*; all
That can alarm the pow'rs of man now ſtirs
In this expanding breaſt—
Zam. Anon to burſt
With hideous ruin on the foe——My gallant heroes,
Are our men ſtation'd at their poſts?
Oraſ. They are.——
Zam. Is ev'ry gate ſecur'd?
Oraſ. All ſafe,—
Zam. The ſignal fix'd?—
Oraſ. It is;—Will *Mirvan* join us?
Zam. Doubt him not.—
In bitterneſs of ſoul he counts his wrongs,

And pants for vengeance——would have join'd us here,
But, favour'd as he is, his poſt requires him
About the *Tartar*'s perſon——The aſſault begun.
He'll turn his arms upon th' aſtoniſh'd foe,
And add new horrors to the wild commotion.

Zap. Now bloody ſpoiler, now thy hour draws nigh,
And ere the dawn thy guilty reign ſhall end.

Zam. How my heart burns within me! Oh! my friends,
Call now to mind the ſcene of deſolation,
Which *Timurkan*, in one accurſed hour,
Heap'd on this groaning land——Ev'n now I ſee
The ſavage bands, o'er reeking hills of dead,
Forcing their rapid way——I ſee them urge
With rage unhallow'd to this ſacred temple,
Where good *Oſmingit*, with his queen and children,
Fatigu'd the gods averſe——See where *Arphiſa*,
Rending the air with agonizing ſhrieks,
Tears her diſhevell'd hair: Then, with a look
Fix'd on her babes, grief choaks its paſſage up,
And all the feelings of a mother's breaſt
Throbbing in one mix'd pang, breathleſs ſhe faints
Within her huſband's arms.——Adown his cheek,
In copious ſtreams faſt flow'd the manly ſorrow;
While cluſt'ring round his knees his little offspring,
In tears all-eloquent, with arms outſtretch'd,
Sue for parental aid.——

Zap. Go on—the tale
Will fit me for a ſcene of horror——

Zam. Oh! my prince,
The charge, which your great father gave me, ſtill
Sounds in my ear.——Ere yet the foe burſt in,
"*Zamti*," ſaid he—Ah! that imploring eye!——
That agonizing look!——
"Preſerve my little boy, my cradled infant——
"Shield him from ruffians——Train his youth to virtue:——
"Virtue will rouze him to a great revenge;
"Or failing—Virtue will ſtill make him happy."

He

He could no more—the cruel ſpoiler ſeiz'd him,
And dragg'd my king—my ever honour'd king,—
The father of his people,—baſely dragg'd him
By his white reverend locks, from yonder altar,
Here, on the blood-ſtain'd pavement; while the queen,
And her dear fondlings, in one mangled heap,
Died in each other's arms.——

Zap. Revenge! revenge!
With more than lion's nerve I'll ſpring upon him,
And at one blow relieve the groaning world.
Let us this moment carry ſword and fire
To yon devoted walls, and whelm him down
In ruin and diſmay.——

Zam. Zaphimri no——
By raſhneſs you may marr a noble cauſe.
To you, my friends, I render up my charge——
To you I give your king—Farewel, my ſov'reign.—

Zap. Thou good, thou godlike man—a thouſand feelings,
Of warmeſt friendſhip—all the tendencies
Of heart-felt gratitude are ſtruggling here,
And fain would ſpeak to thee, my more than father,
—Farewell;—ſure we ſhall meet again.—

Zam. We ſhall——

Zap. Farewell—*Zamti*, farewell. [*Embraces him.*
Oraſming, now
The nobleſt duty calls us——Now remember
We are the men, whom from all human kind
Our fate hath now ſelected, to come forth
Aſſerters of the public weal;—to drench our ſwords
In the oppreſſor's heart:—to do a deed
Which heav'n, intent on its own holy work,
Shall pauſe with pleaſure to behold.
[*Exit with conſpirators.*

Zam. May the moſt high
Pour down his bleſſings on him; and anon,
In the dead waſte of night, when awful juſtice
Walks with her crimſon'd ſteel o'er ſlaughter'd heaps
Of groaning *Tartars*, may he then direct
His youthful footſteps thro' the paths of peril;

Oh may he guide the horrors of the ſtorm,
An Angel of your wrath, to point your vengeance
On every guilty head.—Then,—then 'twill be enough.
When you have broken the oppreſſor's rod,
Your reign will then be manifeſt.—Mankind will ſee
That truth and goodneſs ſtill obtain your care———
[*A dead march.*
What mean thoſe deathful ſounds?—Again!—They lead
My boy to ſlaughter—Oh! look down, ye heavens!
Look down propitious!———Teach me to ſubdue
That nature which ye gave.——— [*Exit.*

A dead march. Enter Hamet, Octar, *guards*, &c.

Oc. Here let the victim fall, and with his blood
Waſh his forefather's tomb.———Here ends the hated race.———
The eaſtern world thro' all her wide domain,
Shall then ſubmiſſive feel the Scythian yoke,
And yield to *Timurkan*.—

Hamet, *ſtanding by the tomb*,

Where is the tyrant?———I would have him ſee,
With envy ſee, th' unconquer'd power of virtue,
How it can calmly bleed, ſmile on his racks,
And with ſtrong pinion ſoar above his pow'r
To regions of perennial day.———
Oc. The father
Of the whole eaſtern world ſhall mark thee well,
When at to-morrow's dawn thy breathleſs corſe
Is borne thro' all our ſtreets for publick view;
It now befits thee to prepare for death.
Ham. I am prepar'd—I have no luſt or rapine,
No murders to repent of.—Undiſmay'd
I can behold all judging heav'n, whoſe hand
Still compaſſing its wond'rous ends, by means
Inextricable to all mortal clue,

Hath

Hath now inclos'd me in it's awful maze.
Since 'tis by your decree that thus beset
Th' inexorable angel hovers o'er me,
Be your great bidding done.—
Oc. The sabre's edge
Thirsts for his blood—then let his lightning fall
On his aspiring head—*Guards seize* Hamet.
Man. [*within.*] Off,——set me free——Inhuman, barb'rous ruffians,——
Oc. What means that woman with dishevell'd hair,
And wild extravagance of woe?——
Man. My griefs
Scorn all restraint—I must—I will have way:—
[*She enters and throws herself on her knees.*
Me,—me, on me convert your rage—plunge deep,
Deep in this bosom your abhorred steel,
But spare his precious life——
Oc. Hence, quickly bear
This wild this frantic woman.——
Man. Never, never——
You shall not force me hence. Here will I cling
Fast to the earth, and rivet here my hands,
In all the fury of the last despair:
He is my child,—my dear, dear son.——
Oc. How, woman!
Saidst thou your son?—
Man. Yes; *Octar*, yes;—my son,
My boy,—my *Hamet* (*she rises and embraces him.*) Let my frantic love
Fly all unbounded to him——oh! my child——my child!—
Oc. Suspend the stroke, ye ministers of death,
Till *Timurkan* hear of this new event;
Mean time, thou *Mirvan*, speed in quest of *Zamti*,
And let him answer here this wond'rous tale. [*Exit.*
Mir. The time demands his presence; or despair
May wring each secret from her tender breast. [*Aside.*
And then our glorious, fancied pile of freedom
At one dire stroke, shall tumble into nought. [*Exit.*

Man. Why did'ſt thou dare return?——ah! rather why
Did'ſt thou ſo long defer with ev'ry grace,
And ev'ry growing virtue, thus to raiſe
Your mother's dear delight to rapture?
Ham. Loſt
In the deep miſts of darkling ignorance,
To me my birth's unknown---but ſure that look,
Thoſe tears, thoſe ſhrieks, that animated grief,
Defying danger, all declare th' effect
Of nature's ſtrugglings in a parent's heart.
Then let me pay my filial duty here,
Kneel to her native dignity, and pour
In tears of joy the tranſport of a ſon.
Man. Thou art, thou art my ſon---thy father's face,
His ev'ry feature blooming in his boy:
Oh! tell me, tell me all; how haſt thou liv'd
With faithful Morat?——how did he ſupport
In dreary ſolitude thy tender years!——
How train thy growing mind?——oh! quickly tell me,
Oh! tell me, all, and charm me with thy tongue.
Ham. Myſterious pow'rs! have I then liv'd to this,
In th' hour of peril thus to find a parent,
In virtue firm, majeſtic in diſtreſs,
At length to feel unutterable bliſs
In her dear circling arms—— [*They embrace.*

Enter Timurkan, Octar, *&c.*

Tim. Where is this wild
Outrageous woman, who with frantic grief
Suſpends my dread command——tear 'em aſunder,——
Send her to ſome dark cell to rave and ſhriek
And dwell with madneſs——and let inſtant death
Leave that raſh youth an headleſs trunk before me.
Man. Now by the ever burning lamps that light
Our holy ſhrines, by the great Confucius' altar,
By the prime ſource of life, and light, and being,
That is my child the bloſſom of my joys——
Send for his cruel father,---he---'tis he

Intends

Intends a fraud——he, for a ſtranger's life,
Would yield his offspring to the cruel ax,
And rend a wretched mother's brain with madneſs.

Enter Zamti.

Sure the ſad accents of Mandane's voice
Struck on my frighted ſenſe.——
Tim. Once more, thou ſlave!
Who is that ſtubborn youth?
Zam. Alas! what needs
This iteration of my griefs?
Man. Oh! horror!——horror!
Thou marble-hearted father!—'tis your child,
And would'ſt thou ſee him bleed?——
Zam. On him! on him,
Let fall your rage, and eaſe my ſoul at once
Of all its fears.——
Man. Oh! my devoted child! [*She faints.*
Ham. Support her, heav'n! ſupport her tender frame——
Now, tyrant, now I beg to live—*(kneels.)* lo! here
I plead for life;—not for the wretched boon
To breathe the air, which thy ambition taints;
But oh! to eaſe a mother's pains;—for her,
For that dear object,—oh! let me live for her.
Tim. Now by the conqueſts this good ſword has won,
In her wild vehemence of grief I hear
The genuine voice of nature.

Mandane, *recovering.*

Ah!—where is he?
He is my ſon—my child—and not Zaphimri—
Oh let me claſp thee to my heart,—thy hard,
Thy cruel father ſhall not tear thee from me.—
Tim. Hear me, thou frantic mourner, dry thoſe tears—
Perhaps you ſtill may ſave this darling ſon.—
Man. Ah! quickly name the means.——
Tim. Give up your king,
Your phantom of a king, to fate my vengeance.

Ham.

Ham. Oh! my much honour'd mother, never hear
The baſe, the dire propoſal—let me rather
Exhauſt my life blood at each guſhing vein.
Mandane then,—Then thou may well rejoice
To find your child,—then you may truly know
The beſt delight a mother's heart can prove,
When her ſon dies with glory.—

Tim. Curſes blaſt
The ſtripling's pride— *(Talks apart with* Octar.

Zam. Ye venerable hoſt,
Ye mighty ſhades of China's royal line,
Forgive the joy that mingles with my tears,
When I behold him ſtill alive.—Propitious powers!
You never meant entirely to deſtroy
This bleeding country, when your kind indulgence
Lends us a youth like him.—
O! I can hold no more—let me infold
That lovely ardor in his father's arms—
My brave, my generous boy!— *(Embraces him.*

Tim. Doſt thou at length
Confeſs it traitor?—

Zam. Yes I boaſt it, tyrant;
Boaſt it to thee,—to earth and heav'n I boaſt,
This,—this is Zamti's ſon.—

Ham. At length the hour,
The glorious hour is come, by Morat promis'd,
"When Hamet ſhall not bluſh to know his father."
(kneels to him.

Zam. O! thou intrepid youth!—what bright reward
Can your glad ſire beſtow on ſuch deſert;—
The righteous gods, and your own inward feelings
Shall give the ſweeteſt retribution.—Now,
Mandane, now my ſoul forgives thee all,
Since I have made acquaintance with my ſon;
Thy lovely weakneſs I can now excuſe;
But oh! I charge thee by a huſband's right!—

Tim. A huſband's right!—a traitor has no right!
Society diſclaims him—Woman, hear—
Mark well my words—diſcolour not thy ſoul

With

With the black hue of crimes like his—renounce
All hymeneal vows, and take again
Your much lov'd boy to his fond mother's arms,
While juſtice whirls that traitor to his fate.
Man. Thou vile adviſer!—— what betray my lord,
My honour'd huſband—turn a Scythian wife!
Forget the many years of fond delight,
In which my ſoul ne'er knew decreaſing love,
Charm'd with his noble, all accompliſh'd mind!
No tyrant, no;—with him I'll rather die;
With him in ruin more ſupremely bleſt,
Than guilt triumphant on its throne—
Zam. Now then
Inhuman tyrant, I defy thy pow'r—
Lo! here, the father, mother, and the ſon!
Try all your tortures on us—here we ſtand
Reſolv'd to leave a tract of bright renown
To mark our beings—all reſolv'd to die
The votaries of honour.——
Tim. Then die ye ſhall—what, ho!—guards, ſeize the ſlaves,
Deep in ſome baleful dungeon's midnight gloom
Let each apart be plung'd—and Etan too—
Let him be forthwith found—he too ſhall ſhare
His father's fate.——
Mir. Be it my taſk, dread ſir,
To make the rack ingenious in new pains,
Till even cruelty almoſt relent
At their keen, agonizing groans.——
Tim. Brave Mirvan,
Be that thy care.—Now by th' immortal Lama
I'll wreſt this myſtery from 'em—elſe the dawn
Shall ſee me up in arms—'gainſt Corea's chief.
I will unfurl my banners—his proud cities
Shall dread my thunder at their gates, and mourn
Their ſmoaking ramparts—o'er his verdant plains
And peaceful vales I'll drive my warlike car,
And deluge all the eaſt with blood— [*Exit.*
Zam. Mandane, ſummon all thy ſtrength.——
My ſon,

Thy

Thy father doubts not of thy fortitude. [*Exit.*

Oc. Mirvan, do thou bear hence thoſe miſcreant ſlaves.

[*Exit after* Zamti.

Man. Allow me but one laſt embrace.——— [*To the guards.*

Ham. Oh! mother,
Would I could reſcue thee.———
Man. Loſt, loſt again!
Ham. Inhuman, bloody Tartars:
Both together. Oh! farewell.———

[*Exeunt on different ſides.*

ACT II.

SCENE, a Priſon. HAMET in Chains.

Enter ZAPHIMRI (diſguiſed in a Tartar's Dreſs) with MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

THERE ſtretch'd at length on the dank ground he lies;
Scorning his fate.—Your meeting muſt be ſhort.—
Zap. It ſhall.—
Mir. And yet I tremble for th' event;—
Why would'ſt thou venture to this place of danger?
Zap. And can'ſt thou deem me then ſo mean of ſpirit,
To dwell ſecure in ignominious ſafety;
With cold inſenſibility wait
The ling'ring hours, with coward patience wait 'em,
O'er Zamti's houſe while ruin nods?—
Mir. Yet here,
Thy fate's ſuſpended on each dreadful moment.
Zap. I will hold converſe with him; ev'n tho' death
Were arm'd againſt the interview— [*Exit* Mirvan.

Hamet,

Hamet, still on the ground.——What would'ſt thou Tartar?

Zap. Riſe, noble, youth,—no vulgar errand mine—

Hamet comes forward. Now ſpeak thy purpoſe—

Zap. Under this diſguiſe—

Ham. If under that diſguiſe, a murd'rers dagger
Thirſt for my blood—thus I can meet the blow
(Throwing himſelf open.

Zap. No ruffian's purpoſe lurks within this boſom.
To theſe lone walls, where oft the Scythian ſtabber
With murd'rous ſtride hath come: theſe walls that oft
Have ſeen th' aſſaſſin's deeds; I bring a mind
Firm, virtuous, upright.—Under this vile garb,
Lo! here a ſon of China— *(Opens his dreſs.*

Ham. Yes, thy garb
Denotes a ſon of China? and thoſe eyes
Roll with no black intent—Say on——

Zap. Inflam'd with admiration of heroic deeds,
I come to ſeek acquaintance with the youth,
Who for his king would bravely die.

Ham. Say then,
Doſt thou applaud the deed?

Zam. By heaven I do.——
Yes, virtuous envy riſes in my ſoul—
Thy ardour charms me, and ev'n now I pant
To change conditions with thee——

Ham. Then my heart
Accepts thy proffer'd friendſhip;—in a baſe,
A prone, degen'rate age, when foreign force,
And foreign manners have o'erwhelm'd us all,
And ſunk our native genius!—thou retain'ſt
A ſenſe of ancient worth.—But wherefore here,
To this ſad manſion, this abode of ſorrow,
Com'ſt thou to know a wretch that ſoon muſt die!——

Zap. By heav'n thou ſhalt not die—I come to ſpeak
The gladſome tydings of a happier fate.——
By me Zaphimri ſends—

Ham. Zaphimri ſends!—
Kind pow'rs!—Where is the king?——

Zap. His ſteps are ſafe;
Unſeen as is the arrow's path.—By me he ſays,

He

He knows, he loves, he wonders at thy virtue.—
By me he ſwears, rather than thou ſhould'ſt fall
He will emerge from dark obſcurity,
And greatly brave his fate.—

Ham. Ha!—die for me!
For me, ignoble in the ſcale of being;
An unimportant wretch!—Whoe'er thou art,
I prithee, ſtranger, bear my anſwer back—
Oh! tell my ſov'reign that here dwells a heart
Superiour to all peril.—When I fall,
A worm,—an inſect dies!—But in his life
Are wrapp'd the glories of our ancient line,
The liberties of China!—Then let him
Live for his people.—Be it mine to die.

Zap. Can I bear this, ye pow'rs, and not diſſolve
In tears of gratitude and love?—— *(Aſide.*

Ham. Why ſtreams
That flood of grief?—and why that ſtifled groan?
Thro' the dark miſt his ſorrow caſt around him,
He ſeems no common man.—Say, gen'rous youth,
Who, and what art thou?—

Zap. Who and what am I!—
Thou lead'ſt me to a precipice, from whence
Downward to look turns wild the mad'ning brain,
Scar'd at the unfathomable deep below——
Who, and what am I—Oh! the verieſt wretch
That ever yet groan'd out his ſoul in anguiſh;
One loſt, abandon'd, hopeleſs, plung'd in woe
Beyond redemption's aid.—To tell thee all
In one dire word, big with the laſt diſtreſs,
In one accumulated term of horror,——
——Zaphimri!——

Ham. Said'ſt thou!——

Zap. He!——that fatal wretch;
Exalted into miſery ſupreme.
Oh! I was happy, while good Zamti's ſon,
I walk'd the common tracts of life, and ſtrove
Humbly to copy my imagin'd ſire,
But now——

Ham. Yes now—if thou art He—as ſure

'Tis

'Tis wond'rous like—rais'd to a ſtate, in which
A nation's happineſs on thee depends.
Zaph. A nation's happineſs!—There, there I bleed—
There are my pangs—For me this war began—
For me hath purple ſlaughter drench'd yon fields—
I am the cauſe of all.—I forg'd thoſe chains—
For Zamti and Mandane too—Oh! heav'ns!—
Them have I thrown into a dungeon's gloom.—
Theſe are the horrors of Zaphimri's reign,—
—I am the tyrant!—I aſcend the throne
By trampling on the neck of innocence;
By baſe ingratitude; by the vile means
Of ſelfiſh cowardice, that can behold
Thee, and thy father, mother, all in chains,
All loſt, all murder'd, that I thence may riſe
Inglorious to a throne!—
Ham. Alas! thy ſpirit,
Thy wild diſorder'd fancy pictures forth
Ills, that are not—or, being ills, not worth
A moment's pauſe—
Zaph. Not ills!—thou can'ſt not mean it—
Oh I'm environ'd with the worſt of woes;—
The angry fates, amidſt their hoards of vengeance,
Had nought but this—they meant to render me
Peculiarly diſtreſs'd.—Tell me, thou gallant youth,—
—A ſoul like thine knows every fine emotion—
Is there a nerve in which the heart of man
Can prove ſuch torture as when thus it meets
Unequall'd friendſhip, honour, truth, and love,
And no return can make?—Oh! 'tis too much,
Ye mighty Gods, too much—thus,—thus to be
A feeble prince, a ſhadow of a king,
Without the pow'r to wreak revenge on guilt,—
Without the pow'r of doing virtue right.—
Ham. That power will come.—
Zaph. But when!—when thou art loſt,—
When Zamti and Mandane are deſtroy'd—
Oh! for a dagger's point, to plunge it deep,
Deep in this—ha!—Deep in the tyrant's heart.—

Ham. There your revenge ſhould point.—For that great deed
Heav'n hath watch'd all thy ways: and wilt thou now
With headlong rage ſpurn at its guardian care,
Nor wait the movements of eternal juſtice?

Zaph. Ha! whither has my phrenzy ſtray'd---Yes, heav'n
Has been all bounteous.—Righteous pow'rs!
To you my oriſons are due---But oh!
Complete your goodneſs:—Save this valiant youth;—
Save Zamti's houſe; and then, if ſuch your will,
That from the Tartar's head my arm this night
Shall graſp the crown of China—teach me then
To bear your dread vicegerency———I ſtand
Reſign'd to your high will—

Ham. And heav'n, I truſt,
Will ſtill preſerve thee; in its own good time
Will finiſh its decrees.—

Zaph. Yes, Hamet, yes;
A gleam of hope remains.—Should Timurkan
Defer his murder to the midnight hour,
Then will I come,—then burſt theſe guilty walls,
Rend thoſe vile manacles, and give thee freedom.

Ham. Oh! ho—you muſt not riſk—

Zaph. A band of heroes
For this are ready: honourably leagu'd
To vindicate their rights.—Thy father's care
Plann'd and inſpir'd the whole—Among the troops,
Nay in his very guards there are not wanting
Some gallant ſons of China, in that hour,
Who will diſcover their long pent up fury,
And deal deſtruction round.

Ham. What—all conven'd,
And ev'ry thing diſpos'd?

Zaph. Determin'd!——Now
In ſilent terror all intent they ſtand,
And wait the ſignal in each gale that blows.

Ham. Why did'ſt thou venture forth?

Zaph. What, poorly lurk

While

While my friends die! —that thought—but generous youth,
I'll not think meanly of thee—No—that thought
Is foreign to thy heart.——
Ham. But think, my prince,
On China's wrongs, the dying heroes groans;
Think on thy anceſtors.——
Zaph. My anceſtors!
What is't to me a long-deſcended line,
A race of worthies, legiſlators, heroes,——
—Unleſs I bring their virtues too?—No more—
Thy own example fires me.—Near this place
I'll take my ſtand, and watch their buſy motions
Until the general roar;—then will I come,
And arm thee for th' aſſault.——
Ham. Oh! if thou do'ſt,
Yet once again I'll wield the deathful blade,
And bear againſt the foe.——
Zaph. Yes thou and I
Will ruſh together thro' the paths of death,
Mow down our way, and with ſad overthrow
Purſue the Tartar—like two ruſhing torrents,
That from the mountain's top, 'midſt roaring caves
'Midſt rocks and rent-up trees, foam headlong down,
And each depopulates his way.——
[*A flouriſh of trumpets.*
Ham. What means
That ſudden and wild harmony?——
Zaph. Even now
The conqu'ror and his fell barbaric rout,
For this day's victory indulge their joy;
Joy ſoon to end in groans—for all conſpires
To forward our deſign—and lo! the lights
That whilom blaz'd to heav'n, now rarely ſeen,
Shed a pale glimmer, and the foe ſecure
Sinks down in deep debauch; while all awake,
The genius of this land broods o'er the work
Of juſtice and revenge.——
Ham. Oh! revel on,
Still unſuſpecting plunge in guilty joy,

And bury thee in riot.———

Zaph. Ne'er again
To wake from that vile trance—for ere the dawn,
Deteſted ſpoiler, thy hot blood ſhall ſmoke
On the ſtain'd marble, and thy limbs abhorr'd
I'll ſcatter to the dogs of China.———

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. Break off your conference—Octar this way comes.

Zaph. This garb will cloak me from each hoſtile eye;
Thou need'ſt not fear detection.

Enter Octar.

Mir. There's your priſ'ner.——[*Pointing to* Hamet.

Oct. Lead him to where Mandane's matron grief
Rings thro' yon vaulted roof——

Ham. Oh! lead me to her;
Let me give balm to her afflicted mind;
And ſoften anguiſh in a parent's breaſt.
[*Exit with* Mirvan.

Zaph. What may this mean!—I dread ſome lurking miſchief.— [*Exit on the oppoſite ſide.*

Oct. When the boy clings around his mother's heart
In fond endearment, then to tear him from her,
Will once again awaken all her tenderneſs,
And in her impotence of grief, the truth
At length will burſt its way.—But Timurkan
Impatient comes.——

Enter Timurkan.

Oct. Thus with diſorder'd looks,
Why will my ſovereign ſhun the genial banquet,
To ſeek a dungeon's gloom!

Tim. Oh! valiant Octar,
A more than midnight gloom involves my ſoul,
Haſt thou beheld this ſtubborn mandarine?

Oct.

Oct. I have; and tryed by ev'ry threaten'd vengeance
To bend his ſoul: Unconquer'd yet by words
He ſmiles contempt; as if ſome inward joy,
Like the ſun lab'ring in a night of clouds,
Shot forth its glad'ning unreſiſted beams,
Chearing the face of woe.

Tim. What of Mandane?

Oct. At firſt with tears and bitter lamentations
She call'd on Hamet loſt; but when I urg'd,
She ſtill might ſave her boy and ſave herſelf,
Would ſhe but give Zaphimri to your wrath,
Her tears forgot to flow;——her voice, her look,
Her colour ſudden chang'd, and all her form
Enlarging with th' emotions of her ſoul,
Grew vaſter to the ſight.—With blood-ſhot eyes
She caſt a look of ſilent indignation,
Then turn'd in ſilent mood away:

Tim. Perdition
O'erwhelm her pride.——

Oct. Might I adviſe you, ſir,
An artful tale of love ſhould ſoftly glide
To her afflicted ſoul—a conqu'ror's ſighs
Will waſt a thouſand wiſhes to her heart,
Till female vanity aſpire to reach
The eaſtern throne; and when her virtue melts
In the ſoft tumult of her gay deſires,
Win from her ev'ry truth, then ſpurn to ſhame
The weak, deluded woman.——

Tim. Octar, no——
I cannot ſtoop with love-ſick adulation
To thrill in languiſhing deſire, and try
The hopes, the fears, and the caprice of love.
Enur'd to rougher ſcenes, far other arts
My mind employ'd,—to ſling the well-ſtor'd quiver
Over this manly arm, and wing the dart
At the fleet-rein-deer ſweeping down the vale,
Or up the mountain, ſtraining ev'ry nerve:
To vault the neighing ſteed, and urge his courſe
Swifter than whirlwinds—thro' the ranks of war
To drive my chariot-wheels, ſmoaking with gore:

These are my passions, this my only science,
Above the puling sicknesses of love.
Bring that vile slave, the hoary priest before me.
[*Exit* Octar.

Tim. By heav'n their fortitude erects a fence
To shield 'em from my wrath, more pow'rful far
Than their high-boasted wall, which long hath stood
The shock of time, of war, of storms, and thunder,
The wonder of the world!——
What art thou, Virtue, who can'st thus inspire
This stubborn pride, this dignity of soul,
And still unfading, beauteous in distress,
Can'st taste of joys, my heart hath never known?

Enter Zamti, *in chains.*

Tim. Mark me, thou traitor, thy detested sight
Once more I brook, to try if yet the sense
Of deeds abhorr'd as thine, has touch'd your soul.
Or clear this myst'ry, or by yonder heav'n
I'll hunt Zaphimri to his secret haunt,
Or spread a gen'ral carnage round the world.

Zam. Thy rage is vain—far from thy ruthless pow'r
Kind heav'n protects him, till the awful truth
In some dread hour of horror and revenge
Shall burst like thunder on thee.——

Tim. Ha!——beware,
Nor rouse my lion-rage—yet, ere 'tis late,
Repent thee of thy crimes.——

Zam. The crime would be
To yield to thy unjust commands.—But know
A louder voice than thine forbids the deed;
The voice of all my kings!—forth from their tombs
Ev'n now they send a peal of groans to heav'n,
Where all thy murders are long since gone up,
And stand in dread array against thee.

Tim. Murders!
Ungrateful mandarine!—say, did not I,
When civil discord lighted up her brand
And scatter'd wide her flames; when fierce contention

'Twi

Twixt Xohohamti and Zaphimri's father
Sorely convuls'd the realm: did not I then
Lead forth my Tartars from their northern frontier,
And bid fair order riſe?

Zam. Bid order riſe!
Haſt thou not ſmote us with a hand of wrath?
By thee each art hath died, and ev'ry ſcience
Gone out at thy fell blaſt—art thou not come
To ſack our cities, to ſubvert our temples,
The temples of our Gods, and with the worſhip,
The monſtrous worſhip of your living Lama,
Prophane our holy ſhrines?

Tim. Peace, inſolent,
Nor dare with horrid treaſon to provoke
The wrath of injur'd majeſty.—

Zam. Yes, Tyrant,
Yes, thou haſt ſmote us with a hand of wrath;
Full twenty years haſt ſmote us; but at length
Will come the hour of heav'n's juſt viſitation,
When thou ſhalt rue—hear me thou man of blood—
Yes thou ſhalt rue the day, when thy fell rage
Imbrued thoſe hands in royal blood—now tremble——
The arm of the Moſt High is bar'd againſt thee—
And ſee!—the hand of fate deſcribes thy doom
In glaring letters on yon rubied wall!—
Each gleam of light is periſh'd out of heav'n,
And darkneſs ruſhes o'er the face of earth.

Tim. Think'ſt thou vile ſlave, with viſionary fears
I e'er can ſhrink appall'd?—thou moon-ſtruck ſeer!
No more I'll hear this mockery of words—
Or ſtrait reſolve me, or by hell and vengeance,
Unheard of torment waits thee.—

Zam. Know'ſt thou not
I offer'd up my boy? and after that,
After that conflict, think'ſt thou there is aught
Zamti has left to fear?—

Tim. Yes, learn to fear
My will—my ſovereign will—which here is law,
And treads upon the neck of ſlaves.

Zam. Thy will

The law in China!—Ill-inſtructed man!
Now learn an awful truth———Tho' ruffian pow'r
May for a while ſuppreſs all ſacred order,
And trample on the rights of man;———the ſoul
Which gave our legiſlation life and vigour,
Shall ſtill ſubſiſt—above the tyrant's reach.—
—The ſpirit of the laws can never die.—
Tim. I'll hear no more.—What ho!

Enter Octar, *and guards.*

—Bring forth Mandane——
Ruin involves you all—this very hour
Shall ſee your ſon impal'd.—Yes, both your ſons.—
Let Etan be brought forth.———
Oct. Etan, my liege,
Is fled for ſafety.———
Tim. Thou pernicious ſlave! [*To* Zamti.
Him too would'ſt thou withdraw from Juſtice——him
Would'ſt thou ſend hence to Corea's realm, to brood
O'er ſome new work of treaſon?—By the pow'rs
Who feel a joy in vengeance, and delight
In human blood, I will unchain my fury
On all, who trace Zaphimri in his years;
But chief on thee and thy devoted race.

Enter Mandane *and* Hamet. Mirvan *guarding them.*

Tim. Woman, attend my words—inſtant reveal
This dark conſpiracy, and ſave thyſelf.—
If wilful thou wilt ſpurn the joys that woo thee,
The rack ſhall have its prey.———
Man. It is in vain.——
I tell thee, homicide, my ſoul is bound
By ſolemn vows; and would'ſt thou have me break
What angels waſted on their wings to heav'n?
Tim. Renounce your raſh reſolves, nor court deſtruction.
Man. Goddeſs of vengeance, from your realms above,
Where near the throne of the Moſt High thou dwell'ſt,
Inſpher'd in darkneſs, amidſt hoards of thunder,

Serenely

Serenely dreadful, 'till dire human crimes
Provoke thee down; now, on the whirlwind's wing
Deſcend, and with your flaming ſword, your bolts
Red with almighty wrath, let looſe your rage,
And blaſt this vile ſeducer in his guilt.

Tim. Blind frantic woman!—think on your lov'd boy.

Man. That tender ſtruggle's o'er—if he muſt die,
I'll greatly dare to follow.—

Tim. Then forthwith
I'll put thee to the proof—Drag forth the boy
To inſtant death———— [*They ſeize* Hamet.

Ham. Come on then—Lead me hence
To ſome new world where juſtice reigns, for here
Thy iron hand is ſtretch'd o'er all.— [*Exit guarded.*

Tim. Quick drag him forth.

Man. Now by the pow'rs above, by ev'ry tie
Of humanizing pity, ſeize me firſt:———
Oh! ſpare my child, and end his wretched mother.

Tim. Thou plead'ſt in vain.———

Enter a Meſſenger in haſte.

Meſſ. Etan, dread ſir, is found.———

Zam. Ah! China totters on the brink of ruin.
[*Aſide.*

Tim. Where lurk'd the ſlave?

Meſſ. Emerging from diſguiſe,
He ruſh'd amid the guards that led forth Hamet;
"Suſpend the ſtroke," he cry'd; then crav'd admittance
To your dread preſence, on affairs, he ſays,
Of higheſt import to your throne and life.

Zam. Ruin impends. *(aſide)* Heed not an idle boy.
[*To* Timurkan.

Tim. Yes, I will ſee him—bring him ſtrait before me.

Zam. Angels of light, quick on the rapid wing
Dart from the throne of grace, and hover round him.

Enter Zaphimri, *guards following him.*

Tim. Thou com'ſt on matters of importance deep.

Unto

Unto my throne and life——
Zaph. I do.——This very hour
Thy death is plotting.——
Tim. Ha!——by whom?
Zaph. Zaphimri!
Zam. What means my ſon?——
Tim. Quick give him to my rage,
And mercy ſhall to thee extend.——
Zaph. Think not
I meanly come to ſave this wretched being.——
Pity Mandane—Save her tender frame— [*kneels.*
Pity that youth—oh! ſave that god-like man——
Zam. Wilt thou diſhonour me, degrade thyſelf,
Thy native dignity by baſely kneeling?
Quit that vile poſture.——
Tim. Raſh intruder, hence. [*To Zamti.*
Hear me, thou ſtripling; or unfold thy tale,
Or by yon heav'n they die—Wouldſt thou appeaſe my wrath?
—Bring me Zaphimri's head.——
Zaph. Will that ſuffice?
Zam. Oh! heavens! [*Aſide.*
Tim. It will.——
Zaph. Then take it, tyrant.
[*Riſing up, and pointing to himſelf.*
Zam. and Man. Ah!
Zaph. I am Zaphimri—I your mortal foe.——
Zam. Now by yon heav'n it is not.——
Zaph. Here—ſtrike here—
Since nought but royal blood can quench thy thirſt—
Unſluice theſe veins,—but ſpare their matchleſs lives.
Tim. Would'ſt thou deceive me too?
Zam. He would——
Zaph. No!——here
Here on his knees Zaphimri begs to die.——
Zam. Oh! horror, 'tis my ſon—by great Confucius,
That is my Etan, my too gen'rous boy,
That fain would die to ſave his aged ſire.—
Man. Alas! all's ruin'd—freedom is no more. [*Aſide.*
Zaph. Yet hear me, Tartar hear the voice of truth—

I am

I am your victim—by the gods I am———
[*Laying hold of* Timurkan.

Tim. Thou early traitor!—trained by your guilty sire
To deeds of fraud—no more these arts prevail.—
My rage is up in arms, ne'er to know rest,
Until Zaphimri perish.—Off, vile slave—
This very moment sweep 'em from my sight.

Man. Alas! my husband—Oh! my son, my son—

Zam. May all the host of heav'n protect him still.

[*Exeunt.*] Zamti and Mandane, guarded by Octar, &c.
Zaphimri struggling with Timurkan on his knees.

Zaph. Ah! yet withold—in pity hold a moment—
I am Zaphimri—I resign my crown.———

Tim. Away, vain boy—go see them bleed—behold,
How they will writhe in pangs; pangs doom'd for thee
And ev'ry stripling thro' the east.———Vile slave,
away! [*Breaks from him and exit.*

Zaphimri, *lying on the ground; officers and guards behind him.*

Zaph. Oh! cruel!——yet a moment——Barbarous
Scythians!———
Wilt thou not open, earth, and take me down,
Down to thy caverns of eternal darkness,
From this supreme of woe!—Here will I lie,
Here on thy flinty bosom.—with this breast
I'll harrow up my grave, and end at once
This pow'rless wretch,—this ignominious king!—
—And sleeps almighty justice? Will it not
Now waken all its terrors?——arm yon band
Of sacred heroes with avenging thunder?
By heav'n that thought *(rising)* lifts up my kindling soul
(With renovated fire *(aside,)* My glorious friends,
Who now convene) big with your country's fate,
When I am dead.—oh! give me just revenge——
Let not my shade rise unatoned amongst ye;———
Let me not die inglorious;———make my fall
With some great act of yet unheard-of vengeance,
Resound throughout the world; that farthest Scythia
May stand appall'd at the huge distant roar

Of

Of one vaſt ruin tumbling on the heads
Of this fell tyrant, and his hated race.

[*Exit guarded.*

ACT V.

Enter Octar; Zamti *and* Mandane, *following him.*

Zam. WHY doſt thou lead us to this hated manſion?
Muſt we again behold the tyrant's frown?
Thou know'ſt our hearts are fix'd———
Oct. The war of words
We ſcorn again to wage———hither ye come
Beneath a monarch's eye to meet your doom.
The rack is now preparing———Timurkan
Shall ſoon behold your pangs, and count each groan
Ev'n to the fulleſt luxury of vengeance.
Guard well that paſſage *(to the guards within)* ſee theſe traitors find
No means of flight; while to the conqueror
I haſten to receive his laſt commands.

[*Exit* Octar *on the oppoſite ſide.*

Zam. Thou ever faithful creature———
Man. Can'ſt thou, Zamti,
Still call me faithful?———by that honour'd name
Wilt thou call her, whoſe wild maternal love
Hath overwhelm'd us all?
Zam. Thou art my wife,
Whoſe matchleſs excellence ev'n in bondage,
Hath chear'd my ſoul; but now thy ev'ry charm,
By virtue waken'd, kindled by diſtreſs
To higher luſtre, all my paſſions beat
Unutterable gratitude and love,
And muſt—oh! cruel!—muſt I ſee thee bleed!———
Man. For me death wears no terror on his brow———
Full twenty years hath this reſounding breaſt
Been ſmote with theſe ſad hands; theſe haggard eyes
Have

Have seen my country's fall; my dearest husband,
My son,—my king,—all in the Tartar's hands;
What then remains for me?—Death,—only death.
Zam. Ah! can thy tenderness endure the pangs
Inventive cruelty ev'n now designs?—
Must this fair form—this soft perfection bleed?
Thy decent limbs be strained with cruel cords,
To glut a ruffian's rage?—
Man. Alas! this frame,
This feeble texture never can sustain it.
But this—this I can bear— [*Shews a dagger.*
Zam. Ha!
Man. Yes!—this dagger——
Do thou but lodge it in this faithful breast;
My heart shall spring to meet thee.—
Zam. Oh!
Man. Do thou,
My honour'd lord, who taught'st me ev'ry virtue,
Afford this friendly, this last human office,
And teach me now to die.—
Zam. O! never—never——
Hence let me bear this fatal instrument——
[*Takes the dagger.*
What, to usurp the dread prerogative
Of life and death, and measure out the thread
Of our own beings!—'Tis the coward's act,
Who dares not to encounter pain and peril——
Be that the practice of th' untutor'd savage;——
Be it the practice of the gloomy north,——
Man. Must we then wait a haughty tyrant's nod,
The vassals of his will?—no—let us rather
Nobly break thro' the barriers of this life,
And join the beings of some other world,
Who'll throng around our greatly daring souls,
And view the deed with wonder and applause.
Zam. Distress too exquisite!—ye holy pow'rs,
If aught below can supersede your law,
And plead for wretches, who dare, self-impell'd
Rush to your awful presence;—oh!—it is not
When the distemper'd passions rage; when pride

Is ſtung to madneſs; when ambition falls
From his high ſcaffolding;—oh! no—if aught
Can juſtify the blow, it is when virtue
Has nothing left to do;——when liberty
No more can breathe at large;——'tis with groans
Of our dear country when we dare to die.

Man. Then here at once direct the friendly ſteel.

Zam. One laſt adieu!——now!—ah! does this become
Thy huſband's love!——thus with uplifted blade
Can I approach that boſom-bliſs, where oft
With other looks than theſe—oh! my Mandane——
I've huſh'd my cares within thy ſheltering arms!

Man. Alas! the loves that hover'd o'er our pillow,
Have ſpread their pinions, never to return,
And the pale fates ſurround us——
Then lay me down in honourable reſt;
Come as thou art, all hero, to my arms,
And free a virtuous wife.

Zam. It muſt be ſo——
Now then prepare thee—my arm flags and droops,
Conſcious of thee in ev'ry trembling nerve.
[*Daſhes down the dagger.*
By heav'n once more I would not raiſe the point
Againſt that hoard of ſweets, for endleſs years
Of univerſal empire.

Man. Ha! the fell miniſters of wrath—and yet
They ſhall not long inſult us in our woes.
Myſelf will ſtill preſerve the means of death.
[*Takes up the dagger.*

Enter Timurkan *and* Octar.

Tim. Now then, deteſted pair, your hour is come.—
Drag forth theſe ſlaves to inſtant death and torment.
I hate this dull delay; I burn to ſee them.
Gaſping in death and welt'ring in their gore.

Man. Zamti, ſupport my ſteps——with thee to die
Is all the boon Mandane now would crave. [*Exeunt.*

Timurkan

Timurkan *and* Octar.

Tim. Thoſe raſh, preſumptuous boys, are they brought forth?
Oct. Mirvan will lead the victims to their fate.
Tim. And yet what boots their death!—the orphan lives,
And in this breaſt fell horror and remorſe
Muſt be the dire inhabitants.—Octar, ſtill
Theſe midnight viſions ſhake my inmoſt ſoul.—
Oct. And ſhall the ſhad'wings of a feveriſh brain
Diſturb a conqu'ror's breaſt?———
Tim. Octar, they've made
Such deſolation here—'tis drear and horrible!—
On yonder couch, ſoon as ſleep clos'd my eyes,
All that yon mad enthuſiaſtic prieſt
In myſtick rage denounc'd, roſe to my view;
And ever and anon a livid flaſh,
From conſcience ſhot, ſhew'd to my aching ſight
The colours of my guilt———
Billows of blood were round me; and the ghoſts,
The ghoſts of heroes, by my rage deſtroy'd,
Came with their ghaſtly orbs, and ſtreaming wounds;
They ſtalk'd around my bed:—with loud acclaim
They call'd Zaphimri! 'mid'ſt the lightning's blaze
Heav'n roll'd conſenting thunders o'er my head;
Straight from his covert the youth ſprung upon me,
And ſhook his gleaming ſteel—he hurl'd me down,
Down headlong, down the drear—hold, hold! where am I?
Oh! this dire whirl of thought—my brain's on fire—
Oct. Compoſe this wild diſorder of thy ſoul.
Your foes this moment die.———

Enter Mirvan.

Tim. What would'ſt thou, Mirvan?
Mir. Near to the eaſtern gate, a ſlave reports,
As on his watch he ſtood, a gleam of arms
Caſt a dim luſtre thro' the night; and ſtrait

The

The steps of men thick sounded in his ear!
In close array they march'd.

Tim. Some lurking treason!
What, ho! my arms—ourself will sally forth——

Mir. My liege, their scanty and rash-levied crew
Want not a monarch's sword—the valiant Octar,
Join'd by yon faithful guard, will soon chastise them.

Tim. Then be it so—Octar, draw off the guard,
And bring their leaders bound in chains before me.

[*Exit Octar.*

Timurkan *and* Mirvan.

Mir. With sure conviction we have further learn'd
The long contended truth——Etan's their king——
The traitor Zamti counted but one son;
And him he sent far hence to Corea's realm,
That should it e'er be known the prince survived,
The boy might baffle justice.——

Tim. Ha! this moment
Ourself will see him fall.——

Mir. Better, my liege,
At this dead hour you sought repose—mean time
Justice on him shall hold her course—Your foes
Else might still urge that you delight in blood.
The semblance of humanity will throw
A veil upon ambition's deeds—'tis thus
That mighty conqu'rors thrive;—and even vice,
When it would prosper, borrows virtue's mein.

Tim. Mirvan, thou counsel'st right: beneath a show
Of publick weal we lay the nations waste.
And yet these eyes shall never know repose
Till they behold Zaphimri perish. Mirvan,
Attend me forth.

Mir. Forgive, my sov'reign liege,
Forgive my over-forward zeal——I knew
It was not fitting he should breathe a moment:
The truth once known, I rush'd upon the victim,
And with this sabre clest him to the ground.

Tim. Thanks to great Lama!—treason is no more.

And

And their boy king is dead,—Mirvan, do thou
This very night bring me the ſtripling's head.
Soon as the dawn ſhall purple yonder eaſt,
Aloft in air all China ſhall behold it,
Parch'd by the ſun, and welt'ring to the wind:
Haſte, Mirvan haſte, and ſate my fondeſt wiſh.

Mir. This hour approves my loyalty and truth. [*Exit.*

Tim. Their deep-laid plot hath miſt'd its aim, and Timurkan
May reign ſecure—no longer horrid dreams
Shall hover round my couch—the proſtrate world
Henceforth ſhall learn to own my ſov'reign ſway.

Enter Mirvan.

Tim. Well, Mirvan haſt thou brought the wiſh'd for pledge?

Mir. My liege, I fear 'twill ſtrike thy ſoul with horror?

Tim. By heav'n the ſight will glad my longing eyes.
Oh! give it to me.—

Enter Zaphimri *(a ſabre in his hand) and plants himſelf before the Tyrant.*

Tim. Ha! then all is loſt.

Zap. Now bloody Tartar, now then know Zaphimri.

Tim. Accurſed treaſon!—to behold thee thus
Alive before me, blaſt my aching eye-balls:
My blood forgets to move————each pow'r dies in me——

Zap. Well may'ſt thou tremble, well may guilt like thine
Shrink back appall'd;—for now avenging heav'n
In me ſends forth its miniſter of wrath,
To deal deſtruction on thee———

Tim. Treach'rous Slave!
'Tis falſe!—with coward art, a baſe aſſaſſin,
A midnight ruffian on my peaceful hour
Secure thou com'ſt, thus to aſſault a warrior,
Thy heart could never dare to meet in arms.

Zap. Not meet thee!—ha!—no more of this?
Curſe [illegible] well keep-
[illegible] bide

Elſe could I ſcorn thee, thus defenceleſs—Yes.,
By all my great revenge, could bid thee try each ſhape,
Aſſume each horrid form, come forth array'd
In all the terrors of deſtructive guilt;
But now a dear, a murder'd father calls;
He liſts my arm to rivet thee to earth,
Th' avenger of mankind.

Mir. Fall on my prince.

Tim. By heav'n, I'll dare thee ſtill; reſign it, ſlave,
Reſign thy blade to nobler hands.

[*Snatches* Mirvan's *Sabre.*

Mir. O! horror!
What ho! bring help—Let not the fate of China
Hang on the iſſue of a doubtful combat.

Tim. Come on, preſumptuous boy.

Zaph. Inhuman regicide!
Now lawleſs ravager, Zaphimri comes
To wreak his vengeance on thee. [*Exeunt fighting.*

Mir. ſolus.] Oh! nerve his arm, ye pow'rs, and guide each blow.

To him, Enter Hamet.

Mir. See there!—behold—he darts upon his prey.

Zaph. within] Die, bloodhound, die———

Tim. within] May curſes blaſt my arm
That fail'd ſo ſoon———

Ham. The Tartar drops his point—
Zaphimri now—

Tim. within]—Have mercy!—oh!—mercy!—oh!

Zaph. within] Mercy was never thine—This, fell deſtroyer,
This, for a nation's groans———

Mir. The monſter dies———
He quivers on the ground——then let me fly
To Zamti and Mandane with the tidings,
And call them back to liberty and joy.

[*Exit* Mirvan.

Hamet

Hamet *remains*; *to him* Zaphimri.

Zaph. Now, Hamet, now oppreſion is no more:
This ſmoaking blade hath drunk the tyrant's blood.
Ham. China again is free;—there lies the corſe
That breath'd deſtruction to the world.
Zaph. Yes, there,
Tyrannic guilt, behold thy fatal end,
The wages of thy ſins.———

Enter Morat.

Mor. Where is the king?
Revenge now ſtalks abroad—Our valiant leaders,
True to the deſtin'd hour, at once broke forth
From ev'ry quarter on th' aſtoniſh'd foe;
Octar is fall'n—all covered o'er with wounds
He met his fate; and ſtill the ſlaught'ring ſword
Invades the city, ſunk in ſleep and wine.
Zaph. Lo! Timurkan lies levell'd with the duſt!
Send forth, and let Oraſming ſtrait proclaim
Zaphimri king;—my ſubject's rights reſtor'd.
[*Exit* Morat.
Now, where is Zamti? where Mandane?—ha!—
What means that look of wan deſpair?

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. Oh dire miſchance!
While here I tremble for the great event,
The unrelenting ſlaves, whoſe trade is death,
Began their work.—Nor piety, nor age,
Could touch their felon hearts———they ſeiz'd on Zamti,
And bound him on the wheel———all frantic at the ſight,
Mandane plung'd a poniard in her heart,
And at her huſband's feet expir'd.
Ham. Oh! heav'ns!

My mother——

Zaph. Fatal raſhneſs!—Mirvan ſay,
Is Zamti too deſtroyed?

Mirv. Smiling in pangs,
We found the good the venerable man:
Releas'd from anguiſh, with what ſtrength remain'd
He reach'd the couch, where loſt Mandane lay;
There threw his mangled limbs;——there clinging to the body,
Prints thouſand kiſſes on her clay-cold lips,
And pours his ſad lamentings, in a ſtrain
Might call each pitying angel from the ſky,
To ſympathize with human woe———

The great folding doors open in the back ſcene.

Zaph. And ſee,
See on that mornful bier he claſps her ſtill;
Still hangs upon each faded feature; ſtill
To her deaf ear complains in bitter anguiſh,
Heart piercing ſight!———

Ham. Oh agonizing ſcene!

[*The corpſe is brought forward,* Zamti *lying on the couch, and claſping the dead body.*

Zam. Ah! ſtay, Mandane, ſtay,—yetonce again
Let me behold the day-light of thy eyes—
Gone, gone, for ever, ever gone——thoſe orbs
That ever gently beam'd, muſt dawn no more.

Zap. Are theſe our triumphs?—theſe our promiſed joys?

Zam. The muſick of that voice recalls my ſoul.

(*Riſes from the body, and runs eagerly to embrace* Zaphimri; *his ſtrength fails him, and he faints at his feet.*)

My prince! my king!

Zaph. Soft, raiſe him from the ground.

Zam Zaphimri!—Hamet too!—oh! bleſs'd event!
I could not hope ſuch tidings—thee, my prince,
Thee too, my ſon—I thought ye both deſtroy'd,
My ſlow remains of life cannot endure
Theſe ſtrong viciſſitudes of grief and joy.

And

And there—oh! heav'n!—ſee there, there lies Mandane!

Ham. How fares it now, my father?

Zam. Lead me to her———

Is that the ever dear, the faithful woman?
Is that my wife?—and is it thus at length,
Thus do I ſee thee then, Mandane?—cold,
Alas! death cold—
Cold is that breaſt, where virtue from above
Made its delightful ſojourn, and thoſe lips
That utter'd heav'nly truth—pale! pale!—dead, dead!

[*Sinks on the body.*

Pray ye entomb me with her?———

Zap. Then, take ye pow'rs, then take your conqueſts back;
Zaphimiri never can ſurvive—

Zam. raiſing himſelf.] I charge thee live;—
A baſe deſertion of the public weal
Will ill become a king—alas my ſon,—
By that dear tender name (if once again
Zamti may call thee)—tears will have their way—
Forgive this flood of tenderneſs——my heart
Melts even now—thou noble youth—this is
The only interview we e'er ſhall have.———

Zaph. And will ye then, inexorable pow'rs,
Will ye then, tear him from my aching heart?

Zam. The moral duties of the private man
Are graſted in thy ſoul—oh! ſtill remember
The mean immutable of happineſs,
Or in the vale of life, or on a throne,
Is virtue—each bad action of a king
Extends beyond his life, and acts again
Its tyranny o'er ages yet unborn.
To error mild, ſevere to guilt, protect
The helpleſs innocent; and learn to feel
The beſt delight of ſerving human kind.
Be theſe, my Prince, thy arts; be theſe thy cares,
And live the father of a willing people.

Ham. My father!—ſee—ah! ſee!—he dies—his lips
Tremble in agony!—his eye-balls glare—
A death-like paleneſs ſpreads o'er all his face.

Zaph

Zaph. Is there no help to ſave ſo dear a life!
Zamt. It is too late—I die—alas! I die———
Life harraſs'd out, purſu'd with barb'rous art
Thro' ev'ry trembling joint—now fails at once—
Zaphimri—oh! farewell!———I ſhall not ſee
The glories of thy reign—Hamet!—my ſon!——
Thou good young man, farewell—Mandane yes,
My ſoul with pleaſure takes her flight, that thus
Faithful in death, I leave theſe cold remains
Near thy dear honour'd clay.——— [*Dies.*
Zaph. Art thou gone,
Thou beſt of men?—then muſt Zaphimri pine
In ever-during grief, ſince thou art loſt;
Since that firm patriot, whoſe parental care
Should raiſe, ſhould guide, ſhould animate my virtues,
Lies there a breathleſs corſe.———
Ham. My liege, forbear,———
Live for your people; madneſs and deſpair
Belong to woes like mine.
Zaph. Thy woes, indeed
Are deep, thou pious youth—yes, I will live,
To ſoften thy afflictions; to aſſuage
A nation's grief, when ſuch a pair expires.
Come to my heart:—in thee another Zamti
Shall bleſs the realm—now let me hence to hail
My people with the ſound of peace; that done,
To theſe a grateful monument ſhall raiſe,
With all ſepulchral honour——frequent there
We'll offer incenſe; there each weeping muſe
Shall grave the tributary verſe;——with tears
Embalm their memories; and teach mankind,
Howe'er Oppreſſion ſtalk the groaning earth;
Yet heaven, in its own hour can bring relief;
Can blaſt the tyrant in his guilty pride,
And prove the Orphan's guardian to the laſt.

FINIS.

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